

**TERROR**



NO. 44  
NOV.



**TALES**



10¢

FROM THE

**CRYPTID**

**FEATURING...**



**THE CRYPT-KEEPER**



**THE OLD WITCH**



**THE VAULT-KEEPER**



# PROOF... OF 8 BRANDS TESTED, PANIC IS BEST IMITATION OF MAD

YES, EXTENSIVE TESTS BY THE E.C. RESEARCH BUREAU HAVE PROVEN CONCLUSIVELY THAT PANIC LEADS EIGHT OTHER BRANDS IN IMITATING MAD! PANIC USES MORE OF MAD'S ARTISTS, MORE OF MAD'S PRINTERS, MORE OF MAD'S POTZEBIE AND FURSHLUGGINER THAN ANY OTHER MAD IMITATION!



ELDER

BEST IMITATION

FAIR IMITATION

POOR IMITATION

ECCCCCHHHHH

PANIC

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BRAND B

BRAND C

BRAND D

BRAND E

BRAND F

BRAND G

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PANIC ☐

MAD ☐

# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SLIDE INTO THE SLOPPY SLIMY CRYPT OF TERROR, FLEND-FANG. THIS IS YOUR CAVYEN CARETAKER OF COLD CORPSES, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, ALL READY TO START THE BRAGG, ROLLING WITH A WHALE OF A TALE OF TERROR... A BIT OF BLUES I DUG UP FROM AMONG A BILE OF OLD MARINESCRIPTS THAT WERE CLUTTERING UP A CLANKY CORNER OF MY CASHIER-CAVERN. YOU'LL RETCH AT THE WRETCHED GAS PLAYED BY CAPTAIN MATT STANKE... A DRUNK OF A SEAMAN WHO IS WAITING IN EILEEN HARPER'S MODEST APARTMENT OVERLOOKING THE SAN DIEGO DOCKS RIGHT NOW TO BEGIN THIS OBOODOUS DRIS I CALL.

## FOREVER AMBERGRIS

HEH! STANKE'S THE NAME. CAPTAIN MATT STANKE, SKIPPER OF THE FREIGHTER SOLEFANA. I'M ASHORE NOW... HAPPY TO BE TAKIN' MY BASE ON THIS PLUSH SOFA JONK IN THIS NEAT LITTLE HARBOR-APARTMENT... SLOWLY BILLOWS OF COOL BLUE SMOKE FROM THIS HAWMA FIFTY-CENTER... AN' DREAMIN' OF HOW I'LL SOON BE MASTER OF THE TRIMMEST LITTLE SAIL IN THIS OR ANY PORT. I'M HAPPY 'CAUSE I LOVE EILEEN ENOUGH TO HAVE MISSEDERED A MAN T' GET HEAT AND NOW...

SHE'S MINE...



YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! I MURDERED. AND THERE IS NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO ABOUT IT. NOW, I'VE GOT THE MONEY. I'M RICH. AN' I'M WAITIN' FOR EILEEN T' COME OUT OF HER ROOM SO'S I'LL HAVE E'VERYTHIN'! SCUSE ME...



HEY, EILEEN! BLAST IT! HURRY UP! STOP FORTYIN' ME. I'VE BEEN DRESSIN' AN' COMIN' OUT OR I'LL COME IN THERE AN' GET YOU. READY OR NOT?



WAIT! YOU SEE HER? SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! GOT THE PRETTIEST FACE IN THE WORLD! AN' HER FIGURE. WELL, JUST WAIT AN' SEE! I'D RATHER T'BE HAPPY, BUT SOMETHIN' KEEPS HANGIN' AT ME. KEEPS BOTHERIN' ME!



I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY THAT WHALE THREW UP RIGHT THERE AND THEN. JUST WHEN I WAS WATCHIN' HIM. I NEVER SAW A WHALE DISGROSS BEFORE. NOR HAVE I HEARD OF ANYONE ELSE THAT'S SEEN IT HAPPEN.



NOW THERE'S A queer combination of things for a man in love t'be thinkin' of... A **BORDESS** WOMAN AND A **WHALE SPIN**. BUT I CAN'T HELP IT. I GOT THE SAME GULD FEELIN' IN MY INWARDS AS I GET WHEN MY SHIP IS HEAVIN' A REEF IN A THICK FOG. I CAN'T SEE THE REEF BUT INSTINCT TOLLS ME IT'S THERE...



AN' SOME KIND OF CRAZY INSTINCT IS MADDEN AT ME RIGHT NOW. MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME. LET ME TELL YOU 'BOUT EILEEN AND ME... AND MY SHIP... AND THE WHALE... AN' THE MAN I MURDERED.



BUT WHERE TO BEGIN ON THAT WARM SPRING MORNING, I RECKON, WAS THE **START** OF IT? WE'D DROPPED ANCHOR HERE IN SAN DIEGO AND ME AND MY FIRST MATE, BEN HARPER, WERE HURRYIN' DOWN THE GANG-PLANK...



I WANT YOU TO HUNK WITH US THIS TIME, CAP'N. I WANT YOU T' MEET EILEEN!

ANOTHER TIME, MATEY! I GOT SOME GOOD ADDRESSSES IN DIEGO...

FOR SEVEN MONTHS...FROM THE TIME BEN HARPER'D SIGNED ON MY SHIP. ALL I'D HEARD FROM HIM WAS EILEEN...HOW BEAUTIFUL THIS BRIDE OF HIS WAS. AND NOW I HAD TO MEET HER...



WITH BEN HARPER BEIN' THE KIND OF A CHAP HE WAS... NOT AT ALL ON THE RUSSID SIDE...AND NOT MUCH ON LOOKS EITHER...I NEVER FIGURED HIM TO HAVE LANDED ANYTHING LIKE THE BEAUTY THAT GREETED HIM WHEN HE REACHED THEIR APARTMENT...



OH, MONEY. I THOUGHT THIS TRIP WOULD NEVER END!

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME, BEN, DARLING...



"BUT I COULD SEE FROM THE WAY THAT SHE TURNED HER HEAD SO'S HE COULDN'T KISS HER ON THE LIPS THAT EILEEN WASN'T AS GLAD TO SEE HIM AS SHE MADE OUT. FACT IS, AS HE WAS LOVIN' HER, SHE KEPT LOOKIN' PAST HIM TO ME..."

"SHE KEPT LOOKIN' AT ME... TALKIN' WITH HER EYES... FIRST CURIOSITY, THEN AN INVITATION... YELDING IT WAS AN ELECTRIC THING THAT PASSED BETWEEN US... SOMETHING WE BOTH UNDERSTOOD IN THOSE FIRST QUICK MOMENTS WITHOUT HAVING SPOKEN A WORD..."

"BEN INTRODUCED US, BUT I FELT I ALREADY KNEW HER BETTER'N HE DID. I FOLLOWED THEM INTO THE LIVING ROOM, WATCHIN' EILEEN, TALKIN' IN PARTS MOVIN' SENSUOUSLY. THERE WERE PICTURES BURNIN' IN MY BRAIN, TATTOOED WITH A WHITE HOT NEEDLE..."

"MATT'N SPOKE TO HAVE DINNER WITH US, HOM... BUT HE WON'T STAY ON WITH US. HE'S GOT OTHER PLANS..."



"BEN MOVED OFF TOWARDS THE KITCHEN..."

"SEE IF YOU CAN'T DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT GETTIN' MATT TO *STAY* WITH US WHILE I GOOK-UP SOME *DRINKS*..."

"SURE, BEN..."



"EILEEN DID SOMETHIN', ALL RIGHT. SHE MOVED TOWARDS ME, SLOWLY, HER HIPS SWAYIN' EVER SO EASY. SHE KEPT LOOKIN' AT ME WITH THOSE SOFT, INVITIN' EYES, AND THEN SHE SPOKE WITH THAT SOFT, MELLOW, HONEY-PEELED, EXCITING VOICE..."

"YOU... WILL... STAY... ON... WITH... L... I... WE... WON'T TELL, MATT?"



"SEVEN MONTHS AT SEA WITHOUT SO MUCH AS SLUMPERIN' A WOMAN MAKES A MAN ACT WITHOUT THINKIN', I GUESS. I HAD A FRENZIED IMPULSE TO THROW MY ARMS AROUND EILEEN... PULL HER TIGHT AGAIN' ME... CRUSH MY HUNGRY LIPS AGAIN' HERS. AND SUDDENLY I WAS GON' IT?..."

"SHE PULLED BACK AT FIRST, THEN CHANGED HER MIND, AND MOVED IN TIGHT. SHE MELTED... BLENDED... LIKE WE WERE ONE. THAT'S HOW QUICK WE HIT IT OFF TOGETHER. EILEEN AND ME? I WAS PARTIN' HEAVY AND WIPIN' HER LIPSTICK WHEN SHE TENSED..."

"WHY'D YOU DO THAT, MATT?"



"SHE KNEW WHY I DID IT, THE TANTALIZING DEVIL, SO I GAVE HER A FLIP ANSWER JUST AS BEN, POOR, STUPID, LOVESICK BEN, CAME IN WITH THE DRINKS."

"...I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO KISS THE BRIDE BEFORE THIS!"

"HAH! I TOLD YOU YOU'D LIKE EILEEN. CAPN! GO ON, BE MY GUEST."

"ER... I... I THINK I'VE TALKED MATT INTO STAYING, BEN..."

"I GAVE EILEEN A BASHFUL PECK ON THE CHEEK AND BEN GRINNED, PLEASED AS PUNCH THAT I WAS PLEASED WITH HIS WIFE. PLEASED?" I WAS CRAZY ABOUT HER... TORTURED 'CAUSE BEN WAS ALWAYS CLOSE BY IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED. BUT THEN, ONE DAY, I GOT A CHANCE TO TALK TO EILEEN..."

"WHY'D YOU MARRY HIM? YOU DON'T LOVE HIM!"

"THAT'S PUTTING IT BLUNTLY, ISN'T IT? WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A BLUNT ANSWER! SECURITY!"

"BEN MAKES GOOD MONEY! HE NEVER SPENT MUCH BEFORE HE GOT MARRIED! HE WANTED SECURITY TO ME, MATT... A nice HOME... CLOTHES... FOOD... EVEN THIS LITTLE GAF..."

"AND NOW, NOW THAT YOU'VE MET ME? I CAN SEE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME. YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ME?"

"I DO LOVE YOU, MATT! I'VE NEVER MET A MAN I LOVED SO MUCH! BUT I WANT THE THING BEN'S MONEY GETS FOR ME..."

"AND I WANT YOU, EILEEN. I'M GOIN' TO HAVE YOU SOMEDAY, TOO! I DON'T KNOW NOW BUT I WILL! I SWEAR IT..."

"THE TWO WEEKS WENT BY AND IT WAS TIME TO SHOVE OFF AGAIN. I SAW EILEEN ONCE MORE THE WAY I DID THAT FIRST DAY... WITH BEN'S ARMS AROUND HER... SHE LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER, BUT THIS TIME, WHAT SHE SAID WAS MEANT FOR ME..."

"BE GOOD... GOODBYE, DARLING! I'LL BE COUNTING EVERY SECOND TILL YOU COME BACK TO ME..."

"AND LATER, BEN AND I STOOD ON THE BRIDGE OF THE SULTANA, WATCHING BEN DISAPPEAR INTO THE MIST. THERE WAS NO TALKIN' BETWEEN US... ONLY OUR QUIET THOUGHTS... HIM REMEMBERING THOSE SMOKE NIGHTS WITH EILEEN... AND ME, HATTIN' HIM FOR THEM, KNOWIN' IT WAS ME SHE WANTED..."

"AND I MADE UP MY MIND RIGHT THEN THAT MY FIRST MATE, BEN HARPER, WOULD NOT BE COMIN' BACK FROM THIS VOYAGE WITH ME..."

"I KNOW, CAPN! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SOMEBODY LIKE EILEEN TO COME HOME TO!"

"MAYBE SO, BENMAYBE SO..."



WHAT IS THERE ABOUT A MAN THAT LETS HIM LOVE ONE WOMAN... LONG FOR HER THE WHOLE TIME HE'S AWAY... AND THEN, NO SOONER 'N HE GETS PORT, SET ABOUT HUNTIN' FOR ANOTHER TO BE WITH. BEN AND HE WERE NO DIFFERENT. FROM BOMBAY TO OSAKA, JAPAN...



AFTER A PLEASANT VISIT, I REMEMBERED OTHER BUSINESS THAT NEEDED TENDIN' TO DO, SHOES IN HAND, I PEEDED OVER TO A PAPER WALL AND CALLED OUT...



THEN I VISITED A CRYING TOOTHY GENT WHO COULD FURNISH A LOT OF INFORMATION ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS. MOST OF THEM UNWHOLESOME. HE MARKED A CRUDE BLACK CIRCLE AROUND A TINY DOT ON A GREASY OLD MAP FOR WHICH I GAVE HIM ONE CRISP U.S. DUCK.



I LEFT THE SHODDY LITTLE SHOP AND MADE MY WAY BACK THROUGH CRICKED JAMMED STREETS TOWARD THE SHIP, MY HEAD SPINNING WITH THOUGHTS OF EILEEN AND BEN AND HOW HE WASN'T GOIN' TO SEE HER AGAIN... NOT IF I GOT MY DUCK'S WORTH OF INFORMATION OUT OF THAT HISSIN' GRININ' OLD GENT...



WE WERE UNDER WAY AGAIN BEFORE MIDNIGHT. BEN WAS LYIN' ON HIS BUNK, WEARY, BUT NOT TOO TIRED TO TALK ABOUT HIS FAVORITE TOPIC... EILEEN. I SAT AT MY DESK, STUDYING THE GREASY OLD MAP.



WHERE'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, MATT? OSAKA WAS OUR LAST PORT OF CALL.

THIS IS A PRIVATE DEAL, BEN, A FRIEND OF MINE IN BOMBAY ASKED ME TO DROP A BARREL OF FUEL OIL AT THIS LITTLE ISLAND. I PROMISED I WOULD.



WE REACHED THE TINY SPECK OF FORSAKEN CORAL AND LAID THE THIRD NIGHT OUT. EXCEPT FOR A GLIMMER OF LIGHT HERE AND THERE IN THE BLACKNESS, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE ON THE ISLAND. WHILE THE BARREL OF FUEL OIL WAS BEING LOADED INTO THE DINGHY I ELECTED BEN TO TAKE IT ABOARD...

IS THERE TIME FOR ME TO GO SOME HUNTIN', SKIPPIT? BEN, I'LL WAIT FOR YOU...



'BEN' REACHED EXACTLY AS I'D EXPECTED HIM TO REACT. I WATCHED HIM ROWACROSS THE LAGOON TO A SMALL DOCK AND TIE-UP. A MINUTE LATER HE DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARK, RAT-INFESTED TOWN OF THE ORIENT'S ISLAND DUMPS BECAUSE FOR ITS CONDEMNED... CONDEMNED TO DEATH, THAT IS, BY **BUBBING PLAGUE! THE BLACK DEATH! NOT THIS DEATH...**



'IT WAS ALMOST DARK WHEN MY FIRST MATE RETURNED TO THE SHIP, EXHAUSTED BUT PLEASED WITH HIMSELF. HE'D HUNTED DOWN AND GOTTEN' WHAT HE WANTED. HE'D GOTTEN **MORE** THAN HE WANTED! IT TOOK TWO DAYS, THEN BROKE OUT...

...CAN'T PICK MYSELF UP OUT OF M' BUNK, MATE. NOT... FEVER... CHILLS. I'M SICK... YOU'LL HAVE TO DOCTOR YOURSELF, BEN. WE'RE A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE NEAREST PORT...



'BEN CAME DOWN FAST. HE STARTED SWELLIN' AROUND HIS ARMPITS AND OTHER PLACES. SOON, A FESTERING, GREENISH-YELLOW SORE COVERED HIM AND A STINKING, NAUSEATING SUBSTANCE Oozed FROM HIS FLESH. I KEPT CLEAR OF HIS QUARTERS FROM THEN ON AND ORDERED THE CREW TO DO THE SAME...

I KNOW THE SYMPTOMS... THE SORE'S BORN, POISONIN' OF THE BLOOD, AND THAT COUGH. THAT'S WHEN IT'S **DANGEROUS** THE PLAGUE'S IN HER **LOINS** NOW. A MAN CAN CATCH IT EVEN **TALKIN'** T' HIM...

**BUBBING PLAGUE... GAST... THE BLACK DEATH!**



'AT THE MENTION OF THE DREAD, HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS DISEASE, THE CREW FLEED AND SHUDDERED AS ONE MAN, IT WAS PART OF MY PLAN LETTIN' THEM WORRY... REMINDIN' THEM. BUT ONE DAY, THEY FOUND SOMETHIN' ELSE TO OCCUPY THEIR MINDS. I FOUND 'EM TOSSIN' GARBAGE OVERBOARD...

WHAT'RE YOU MEN **DOIN'**? FRESH' THE **WHALE**, CAP'N STANKE. HE'S BEEN **FOLLOWIN'** US ALL MORNIN'! **DEET**



'I'VE SEEN WHALES BEFORE BUT NEVER SO CLOSE AS THAT GREAT BALL BREAK. HE LEPT UP WITH THE SHIP... **SPINNIN'** HIS TAILIN' CAVE OF A MOUTH TO LET THE GARBAGE IN...



'WHAT KEPT BEN HARPER ALIVE, I'LL NEVER KNOW. MAYBE HE WAS RAGIN' AGAINST DEATH JUST TO SEE EILEEN ONCE MORE. ANYHOW, THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE TERRIBLE ONES AND I TRIED TO RELAX BY TOSSIN' CHUNKS OF MOLDY BEEF AND OTHER REFUSE TO THE WHALE TAILIN' US...



'THE WHALE STAYED WITH US. SOMETIMES HE'D ROLL AND DIVE AND HE WOULDN'T SEE HIM FOR HOURS, THEN SOMEBODY'D YELL "THAR 'E BLOWS" AND HE'D BE BACK GRASIN' ANOTHER GARBAGE FEAST...



"AT NIGHT I'D GO OUT ON DECK, BREATHIN' IN THE SALTY WARM PACIFIC AIR, AND I'D THINK ABOUT ME AND ELSBEN. I WAS THINKIN' OF HER THE RIGHT ONE OF THE MEN SAME A-BURNIN' AND SCREAMIN'..."

"...HIS FACE IS ALL ROTTEN BLACK, CAPT'N... AND HIS FLESH IS MORN' LIKE IT'S--CHOKED-- CRAWLIN' WITH MAGGOTS!"

"SEN, OUT OF HIS ROOM! GOOD LORD! HOW COULD THE MAN WALK?"

"AND THEN, I SAW HIM! BEN WAS A WALKIN' DEAD! HIS BODY A MASS OF BLACK ROT. SMALL SPONY-BANGS DRIPPIN' AWAY WITH EACH STUFF STAGGERIN' STEP HE TOOK. HIS CLOTHES WERE A TATTERED STINKY MESS OF GREENISH DRIED OOZE AND CONGEALED BLACK BLOOD. MY OWN-ER CAME UP SOLD IN MY THROAT."

CHOKED

"I HOLLERED FOR SPOTLIGHTS AS HE STUMBLERED ACROSS THE DECK. MEN CAME RUSHIN' WITH GAFFS, THEIR FACES TWISTED IN DISGUST. BEN KEPT SHUFFLIN' DOWN TOWARDS ME."

"GET HIM OVER THE SIDE, YA BILGE LIKE! DUMP HIM BEFORE HE HAS US ALL WASTIN' AWAY WITH THE BLACK ROT!"

"THEY TRIED HOORIN' THEIR GAFFS INTO BEN, BUT THE TIPS CAME AWAY WITH HORRIBLE SOBS OF FOUL-SMELLING ROTTEN FLESH. THEY TRIED SHOVIN' WITH THE POLES. BEN SOT OUT IN TWO BY THE ANK, WITH NO MORE SOUND THAN IF HE'D BEEN A JELLYFISH, AS HE WENT OVERBOARD."



"BY MORNIN', I FELT BETTER ABOUT THE WHOLE THING. WE'D LEFT WHAT WAS LEFT OF BEN HUNDREDS OF MILES BEHIND US AND I'D COMMITTED A MURDER NOBODY'D BE ABLE TO PIN ON ME. I HAD MY MIND ON LOVELY ELSBEN WHEN TOM BALLARD, MY SECOND MATE, CALLED ME TO THE RAIL."

"OUR WHALE'S STILL WITH US, CAPT'N"

"THAT'S RIGHT! BUT HE'S ACTIN' QUEER... ISN'T HE?"



"AN' THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPERED! THE HUGE BALL SPERM SHATTERED CONCLUSIVELY. A TREMENDOUS YELLOW AND GREY BUBBLING MASS OF WAX-LIKE STUFF SPURTED OUT OF HIS CAUTEROUS NOOTH. BUBBLIN' UNOULATING ON THE OIL-PA SURFACE."

"LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, CAPT'N! THAT STENCH IS CHOKIN' ME!"

"NOIN, BY HEAVENS! THAT'S WHALE SPERM, AMBERGRIS!"



"AMBERGRIS? FLOATIN' GOLD! THE SPERM OF A SPERM WHALE, NEEDED FOR THE BEST PERFORMED THAT FOUL-SMELLIN', FATTY NEED WAS WORTH A FORTUNE."

"REVERSE ENGINES! PREPARE TO LOWER AWAY ALL BOATS! A HUNDRED DOLLAR BONUS TO EACH MAN WHO HELPS..."



"I EMPTIED A HUNDRED BARRELS OF MY FUEL OIL CARGO TO HOLD MY AMBERGRIS. A WEEK LATER WE DOCKED IN SAN DIEGO, WHERE I CALLED BLAZES FROM A PORT HEALTH OFFICIAL...BUT NOT UNTIL AFTER I'D DISPOSED OF THE AMBERGRIS."

COMING INTO PORT AFTER A PLAGUE DEATH ON YOUR SHIP MAY COST YOU YOUR PAPERS, CAPTAIN STARK!

THE DEVIL WITH MY PAPERS. I'M A RICH MAN AND I'M GOING TO MARRY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD!

"THE PERFUME MAKER NOT ONLY PAID ME SIXTY-TWO THOUSAND DUCKS FOR MY AMBERGRIS, BUT ALSO SENT ME A FLAGON OF THE SCENT MADE FROM IT. WHEN I FINALLY GOT OUT OF QUARANTINE, I BROUGHT IT TO EILEEN."

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR HOW BEN DIED, MATT! ALL I KNOW IS YOU ARE HERE... THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

HERE, BABY! HERE'S ENOUGH PERFUME TO BATHIE IN! AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!

SO THAT'S IT? NOW, EILEEN IS IN HER ROOM THERE, GETTIN' INTO 'SOMETHING COMFORTABLE'. AS SHE PUT IT, WHICH IS PROBABLY A SHEER BLACK MISLEISE, AND I'M THINKING ABOUT WHY SOME STUPID WHALE THREW UP WHEN IT DIED...



I OUGHT TO BE GLAD IT HAPPENED! IF IT HADN'T, TO BE SIXTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS POORER, AND... AND... OH, LORD!



BEN! THAT BLASTED WHALE MUST HAVE SWALLOWED THE BLACK-ROTTED DISEASED REMAINS OF BEN HARPER! THAT'S WHY HE TREW UP!



EILEEN! EILEEN, OPEN UP! QUICK! DON'T USE THAT PERFUME, EILEEN! DON'T USE IT!



EILEEN HARPER COMES OUT OF HER ROOM NOW, GRINNING ECSTATICALLY... THE BLACK SPONGY, ROTTING FLESH DROPPING FROM HER FACE. THE WHITE BONE GLEAMING THROUGH HERE AND THERE, CAPTAIN STARK SCREAMS IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT AND STENCH OF HER...



WHY NOT, MATT? IT'S SUCH A LOVELY-SMELLING PERFUME, DARLING.

YAAAAHHHHH!

HEH, HEH! AND THAT'S THE LEAD-OFF PARR, YELP-HOURS. DID YOU NOTICE THAT EILEEN REALLY DIDN'T LIKE THE PERFUME, MATT SAYS HE'D DIDN'T YOU SEE THE WAY HER FACE DROPPED? WELL, I GOT A DATE WITH MY EDITORS TO PLAY A GAME OF HEARTS. WE USE REAL DRES I'LL BE BACK LATER WITH ANOTHER TERROR TOME, NOW I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE MULL-KEEPER, BY THE WAY, THE WHALE IN THIS TANK WAS SORRY HE BROUGHT THE WHOLE TANK UP!



- THE END -

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

WEE, HEE! SCARED, HNT? GOOD! OLD HAL DEMER-HICK, O.K., HAS SOFTENED YOU UP FOR THE CHILL! NOW YOUR VAULT-KEEPER IS READY TO PUT YOU ON ICE WITH A GRIPPINGLY GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF A BREEDY BOON WHO GURMBED HIS WAY INTO A DIVE! HE WAS A REAL BONE GUY WHEN HE WAS THROUGHT TO COME INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR, AND LISTEN TO THIS EERIE EPISODE I CALL...

## BURIAL at SEA

YOU'RE NAME IS BARNET HOAG. YOU'VE ALWAYS CRAVED SOLITUDE AND NOW YOU'VE FOUND IT ON THIS BLEAK LONELY, WINDSWOPT, SUN-TORTURED FLORIDA KEY. . . THIS GRIM ACRE OF UNREFLED PARADISE. YOU GUIDE YOUR OLD CAR INTO A SANDY, BRISTLING PALMETTO PATCH, AND YOU UNLOAD YOUR GEAR. . .



SWEAT-ING IN A SEA OF SWEAT, BASKING UNDER THE LOAD OF FISHING TACKLE, BAIT BOX, FOOD HAMPER AND GALLON JAR OF WATER, YOU'VE FOUND TEMPORARY RELIEF IN THE SHADE OF SAUNT LONG-NECKED PINES AS YOU TRUDGE TOWARD THE GLARING WHITE BEACH.



YOU PASS A LINE OF SILENT PALMS LEFT LEANING LANDWARD BY SOME LONG AND VIOLENT WIND THAT HAD ONCE ROARED BY. AND, UNLOADING YOUR EQUIPMENT ONTO THE BURNING SAND, YOU STUDY THE GURDAILY-SHAPED BROTESQUE MANGROVE TREES, THEIR EXPOSED BRACKLEKE ROOTS INTERTWINING, SPRAWLING FROM THE BRINE AT THE SHORE.



YOU TURN AT THE SOUND AND SEE NO FISH, BUT AN ALMOST-NAKED, BEARDED, GORRY-BROWN OLD MAN WITH GREY HAIR DOWN TO HIS SHOULDERS EMERGE FROM THE DEPTHS AND MAKE HIS WAY TOWARD THE BEACH.



THEN, BARNET HOWL, YOU SWEAR UNDER YOUR BREATH... BECAUSE YOU ARE NO LONGER ALONE. YOUR SOLITUDE IS GONE. YOU BEGIN TO FEEL H... TO LEAVE IN DISBURT... WHEN YOU FEEL THE SUDDEEN, STRONG TUGGING ON YOUR LINE...



THE FISH BREAKS WATER, STRUGGLING TO SPIT OUT THE HOOK AND YOU SEE THAT IT IS A BARRACUDA. FINALLY, YOU BRING THE VICIOUS SCOUNDREL OF THE SEA TO LAND. YOU STARE DOWN AT YOUR GASPING CATCH, SHIVER AT THE SIGHT OF ITS BARED RIPPER TEETH...



BEYOND, THE TURQUOISE ATLANTIC RESTS TRANQUILLY BETWEEN TIDES. SODD, HOOK BAITED, FEET BAKED, YOU TREAD FAR OUT OVER THE SAND AND CORAL BOTTOM BEFORE REACHING KNEE-DEEP WATER. YOU BEGIN TO SURF-CAST AND ALL IS PEACE AND QUIET EXCEPT FOR THE SOUND OF A FISH NEARBY, LEAPING FROM THE SEA.



YOU STAND, STARING, AS HE MOVES SOUNDLESSLY ACROSS THE SAND TO THE BROKEN HULK OF AN ANCIENT VESSEL THAT HAD BEEN TOSSED, HALF-HIDDEN, AMONG THE PALMS. AS YOU WONDER WHY YOU HADN'T NOTICED THE GRIZZLED WHIRL BEFORE, THE OLD MAN WAIVERS INTO IT THROUGH A CRUDE DOORWAY CUT INTO ITS ROTTING SIDE...



YOU PAKE AND LEAVE YOUR SHIRT-RED PARADISE, GRATIFIED, AT LEAST, THAT THE OLD MAN HADN'T SEEN YOU AND SUSPECTED YOU TO ENJOICE, BORING TALK. SUDDEENLY, A LONG BLACK SHADOW FALLS ACROSS YOUR PATH. A THIN, PIPING VOICE BRINGS YOU UP SHORT...





YOU TURN NOW, BARNEY, FACING THE SPIZZLED OLD MAN. NUDE, EXCEPT FOR A TATTERED FILTHY PAIR OF BUCK PANTS THAT REEK OF DEAD FISH. HE PORTS A RUSTY, ASSED MUSKET AT YOUR CHEST...



YOUR FRIGHT OF THIS SPIZZLED OLD MAN WITH THE ANCIENT WEAPON OWES WAY TO ANGER AT HAVING BEEN CHEATED OF YOUR LONGED-FOR SOLITUDE...



YOU HEARD ME, MISTUH? I COME FUST TO THIS PROPERTY, SO IT'S **MAINE!** NOW **BYE!** FORE I BLAST YU CLEAN T' KINGDOM COME!

I WAS GOING, YOU DIRTY OLD COOT... BUT NOW I GOT A MIND TO STAY!

BEY STAYIN', MISTUH, AH' I'LL BE GUTTIN' YU UP FER SHARK BAIT!

THERE'S A COLD GLINT IN HIS ICE-BLUE EYES, AND HIS SUN-BRONZED CROSS-HATCHED BEIN GRABS TAIT ACROSS HIS JAWS. YOU RELENT IN THE FACE OF THE WEAPON IN THE OLD MAN'S TIGHTENED GRIP AND YOU MOVE OFF ANGRILY THROUGH THE PINES...

BOILING WITH RESENTMENT, YOU STOW YOUR GEAR INTO YOUR CAR, THEN YOU SAID BACK TOWARDS THE BEACH, UNWILLING TO BOW TO THE OLD ONE'S ILL WILL...



HE **BE OFFED** ME WHAT, BUT I'M **NOT LEAVING!**

I'LL SHOW THAT OLD GRASS. I'LL **BURN** 'EM OUT. I'LL SET **FIRE** TO THAT FILTHY WRECK HE LIVES IN AND I'LL **BURN HIM OUT FOR GOOD!**



SLOWLY, SILENTLY, STEALTHILY YOU MAKE YOUR WAY BACK TO THE BARNACLE AND SALT-ENCRUSTED WOODEN CARCASS OF HALFA ONCE-PROUD VESSEL. YOU'RE FILLED WITH VENGEFULNESS AND CURIOSITY. YOU STOP OUTSIDE THE ROTTED DOOR. A METALLIC SLEAM CATCHES YOUR EYE...



WHAT... WHAT'S **THAT** ON THE **SAND!** LOOK! LIKE A... A...

YOU PICK UP THE GLITTERING OBJECT. YOU STUDY IT, TURNING IT OVER IN YOUR HAND...



IT **BE!** IT'S A **GOLD COIN!** REAL **GOLD!**

YOUR FIRST REACTION IS TO GET AWAY WITH YOUR PRIZE. YOU HURRY, STUMBLING, TO YOUR CAR...THE ANCIENT GOLD COACH-ON SLUTTERED TIGHTLY IN YOUR SWEATY PALM. YOU DRIVE HASTILY OFF THE LONELY HEL SPEEDING NORTHWARD ACROSS THE OVERSEAS HIGHWAY BRIDGES...



MAYBE THIS COIN'S BEEN THERE ALL THE TIME AND THE OLD GOOT NEVER...NOTICED...IT...

YOU EASE UPON THE GAS, YOU STOP RUNNING. YOU THINK SOME MORE AS YOU DRIVE SLOWLY NORTHWARD. SOON, YOU REACH ANOTHER KEY, ROLL UP TO AN EATERY THERE, AND WALK TOWARDS IT...



WHAT IF THE LUNATIC IS SITTING ON A FORTUNE IN GOLD? WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO HIM? HE'S TOO OLD TO ENJOY IT!

SO, BARNEY HORN, GREED AND DETERMINATION ETCH THEMSELVES INTO YOUR FACE AS YOU MAKE YOUR DECISION...



I'M GOING BACK THERE...TOMORROW! AND IF HE'S GOT MORE GOLD, I'M GOING TO GET IT!

WHAT'LL IT BE, MISTERY?

ISN'T THAT RIDICULOUS, BARNEY? THINK AGAIN. THAT'S IT! NOW YOU'VE GOT IT...



...OR MAYBE...MAYBE HE'S GOT MORE HIDDEN IN THAT WOOD? A FORTUNE IN GOLD...MAYBE...

YOU SIT AT A FLY-FLECKED COUNTER, STARING AT THE MENU...HARDLY SEEING IT.



AND WHO'D BELIEVE HIM IF HE BABBLES TO THE LAM ABOUT HIS GOLD BEING MISSING? FOR THAT MATTER, WHO'D MISS THE OLD MAN?

YES, SIR?

YOU ARRIVE BACK AT "THE OLD MAN'S KEY" ALONG WITH THE NIGHT. PASS AS YOU DID THAT MORNING AMONG THE PALMETTOS, AND, TAKING A JACKKNIFE, YOU SUIT YOUR CAR.



QUIET WHISPERING IN THE PINES ACCOMPANY YOUR SLOW APPROACH TO THE BEACH. THE ELEGANT CHIRPS OF COCASUS SURROUND YOU. WITHIN, YOU FEEL THE RAPID THUMPING OF YOUR HEART. A RISING GIBBONS MOON LIGHTS YOUR WAY TO THE BAD BULK AMONG THE PALMS OR THE BEACH.



NOW YOU ARE THERE, BARNEY, YOUR HEAVY BREATHING BLENDING WITH THE BREEZE BLOWN PALMPHONDS THAT SOUND SO MUCH LIKE A SUMMER SHOWER, AND WITH THE GENTLE LAPPING OF THE SURF UPON THE NEARBY SHORE. A SOFT ORANGE LIGHT GLIMMERS THROUGH A CRACK IN THE DOOR. YOU PEER IN...

YOU SEE HIM IN THE FLICKERING CANOLE SLOW, HIS HAD EYES GLEANING AS HE LETS A TRICKLE OF GOLD COINS FALL THROUGH HIS GRABBED FINGERS INTO A WOODEN BOX ON THE ROUGH TABLE AT WHICH HE SITS. THE FAINT CHIME OF CLINKING METAL INVITES YOU IN...

THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, BARNEY SLAM OPEN THE DOOR! THAT'S IT! SCARED ALMOST OUT OF HIS WITS, THE OLD MAN DROPS HIS TREASURE INTO A DIRTY WRINKLED CLOTH AND BALLS IT UP IN HIS TREMBLING HANDS.



YOU STEP TOWARD HIM. THE OLD MAN DROPS HIS RAG-WRAPPED TREASURE OF COOGLDONS TO THE FLOOR, THEN, BENDING AS THOUGH TO RETRIEVE THEM, HE COMES UP AGAIN, THE RUSTED OLD MUSKET IN HIS BONY FANGS... POINTED AT YOUR HEAD.

THE OLD MAN CHORTLES, PULLS BACK HIS FOREFINGER, SQUEEZING THE MUSKET'S TRIGGER, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. NO BLAST. NO SHOT. NOTHING. THE BOLT, FROZEN BY YEARS OF RUST, DOESN'T MOVE. A COLD TWISTED GRIN WREATHES YOUR BREATH—STAINED FACE AS HE SAVES ON.



YOU LEAP AT HIM, BRINGING THE IRON JACKHAMMER DOWN ON HIS SKULL, FEELING THE CRUSHING OF BONE.

YOU PICK UP THE BUNDLE AND EMPTY THE COINS INTO THE MISER'S BOX... THROWING THE RAG AWAY.



AGAIN AND AGAIN YOU STRIKE, UNTIL HE SINKS LIFELESS TO THE FLOOR, THEN ONE MORE TERRIBLE BLOW AS HE LIES THERE, JUST TO MAKE SURE, AND HIS BRAINS SPATTER ABOUT THE WORKWEARIED BOARD.

YOU SCRAMBLE ABOUT THE BRINE-FOULED WRECK. ANGRY. ANGRILY SEARCHING...

THERE *MUST* BE MORE!  
THERE'S *GOT* TO BE MORE!



BUT YOU'VE GOT IT ALL, BARNEY, AND KNOWING THAT, YOU SAS TO THE FLOOR, SICK AND TIRED WITH DISAPPOINTMENT. BUT THE OLD MAN'S PIECE OF DIRTY CLOTH CATCHES YOUR EYE...



DOTTED LINE... MARKED "100 YARDS"... TO A BIG "X"... FROM A LINE MARKED "LOW TIDE"... AND AN ARROW MARKED "H"? BY GOD! IT'S A MAP!

WELL, I'LL BE... IT'S A TREASURE MAP THE OLD MAN MADE. IT *MUST* BE WHERE THE OTHER HALF OF THE SHIP IS. THAT'S WHAT IT MUST BE! YEAN? SURE? A PIRATE SHIP, SUNKEN IN TWO BY A HURRICANE? HALF SUNK? HALF WASHED ASHORE... THIS HALF!



THAT'S WHAT HE WAS DOIN' WHEN HE WAS COMIN' OUT OF THE WATER. HE WAS BRINGING BACK THESE *GOINGS* FROM THE SUNK HALF OF THE WRECK! IT'S *OUT THERE*!



SLOWER, BARNEY. SLOWER NOW. THINK IT OUT. YOU'RE ON TO SOMETHING. JUST THINK IT OUT *CAREFULLY*. SLOW OUT THE OLD MAN'S LANTERN. THAT'S IT! NOW GO OUTSIDE. LOOK OUT THERE... AT THE SEA...

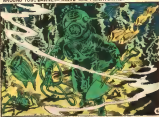
I'M NOT MUCH OF AN UNDERWATER SWIMMER! BUT I MAY BE ABLE TO RENT A DIVING SUIT SOMEWHERE! YEAN? I'LL DRIVE TO KEY WEST...



SO YOU DRIVE ALL NIGHT, BARNEY, AND YOU'RE IN KEY WEST WHEN DAWN LIGHTS THE SKY. BY LATE AFTERNOON, YOU'RE BACK AT THE "OLD MAN'S KEY" WITH A DIVING SUIT, ENOUGH ROPE TO GO OUT 50 YARDS, A GASOLINE-DRIVEN COMPRESSOR, THE WORKS. BREATHING WITH EXCITEMENT, YOU TAKE A SPACE AND START FACING OUT INTO THE SURF...



DEEPER AND DEEPER YOU GO... OUT UNDER THE ROLLING BREAKERS. OUT INTO THE SEA. AND THE SEA IS ALIVE AROUND YOU, BARNEY... ALIVE AND FRIGHTENING...



YOU GO OUT PAST THE MAP'S 50 YARDS AND THE SEA AROUND YOU IS FULL OF WONDERFUL BARNY, BUT NO BROKEN PIRATE HULL, NO SUBMERGED HALF-HULK DO YOU SEE...

I MUST'VE BEEN *CRAZY* TO TAKE THAT OLD COOT'S MAP SERIOUSLY'!



AND THEN YOU SEE IT, RISING LIKE A SHADOW AHEAD OF YOU. THE MARKER.

THAT'S IT? THAT'S IT? THERE AIN'T NO COAT, HE'S HAD THE TREASURE, HE WAS BRINGIN' IT OUT? HE WAS BRINGIN' IT IN HERE. BURYIN' IT?



THERE, SIX FATHOMS DOWN, BEFORE THE ALGAE AND MOSS-ENCRUSTED MARKER, YOU BEGIN TO DISE. YOU DIS DOWN AND YOU DIS OUT... AN OBLONG, EMPTY HOLE WITH MOORS, NO CHEST, NOTHING. YOU CLIMB OUT, BITTER WITH FRUSTRATION...

MAYBE THE MARKER SHOWS WHICH SIDE TO DIS ON. I'LL JUST SCRAPE OFF THE SLIME...



WITH YOUR SPADE, YOU SCRAPE OFF THE GREEN ALGAE AND MOSS AND SLIME. AND YOU TURN COLD, STABBING BACK IN A FRENZY AT WHAT YOU SEE...



NO! NO! GOOD LORD!

...PINNING YOU DOWN INTO THE HOLE YOU'VE DUG... PINNING YOU DOWN INTO YOUR GRAVE. FOR YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE LONG, THE GAS IN THE COM-PRESSOR OUT ON THE SHORE WILL RUN OUT AND THE AIR WILL BE GONE AND YOU'LL SUFFOCATE. THE OLD MAN, THE *CRAZY* OLD MAN! HE WAS *RIGHT*? HE *DID* KNOW? HE WAS PREPARED? THE LETTERS CUT INTO THE MARKER LAUGH AT YOU.



YOUR AIRLINE FOOLS AROUND THE MARKER, STOPPING YOU FROM RUNNING, TERRORIZED, YOU TAKE AT THE RUBBER TUBE. THE MARKER TILTS FORWARD, SLOWLY... FALLING... AS IF IN SLOW MOTION.



HEH, HEH LIKE THEY SAY, KIDNIES? BARNY *DUG HIS HOLE*... NOW HE'S DYING IN IT. HE THIRSTED AFTER GOLD AND SETTLED FOR A BELLYFUL OF SALT WATER. WELL, THAT'S MY TREASURE-TERROR-TALE FOR THIS ISSUE OF *DR. H. MORRIS*

MAB, NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO HIM FOR A TALK ABOUT A *BLONDE FLIRT* WHO FINALLY MADE SOME *DESSERT*. *QUICKEN? NOO!* I'LL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAB, THE *HAULT OF HORROR* 'EYE, NOW'





# GUNMAN



With the cardboard carton propped against the wall, Ed Grant pressed the door buzzer: chimes rang inside the apartment and footsteps scurried toward him. The safety latch scraped open, the door swung wide and Ed Grant stepped into the apartment, pushing the carton in front of him. "What . . . what's *ablu*?" the woman asked in surprise, pointing to the carton.

"Delivery," Ed Grant answer, locking the door shut with his heel. He slipped the latch into place and dumped the carton on the floor. "B-But I didn't order any . . ." the woman protested. Then she saw the gun Ed Grant held. "You . . . a . . ."

"A guy working his way through college," Ed Grant said flatly. "Don't make me thank you on this one, lady. . . I want all the-cash and jewelry you got here!"

Grant heard a high-pitched voice coming along the corridor from one of the bedrooms, and he turned warily. A cow-headed five-year-old careened into the room, deeply involved in banking an imaginary aircraft he was piloting. He stopped in his tracks, his mouth gaping. "Hey!" he whinnied. "Who's this, mom?"

"L-Look, missy," the woman pleaded. "We don't have much money, see? My husband's only a lab assistant at the chemical plant on River Street. He just got outa school himself, and . . ."

"Can it!" Ed Grant snapped. "C'mon . . . the CASH! Where's it at?"

The kid, who had sauntered over to the foyer table, suddenly pulled a cap pistol from a toy holster slung over the chair and whirled toward Ed Grant. His finger squeezed the trigger and his high-pitched voice exploded in a series of raucous gumbor sounds. Ed Grant started at the sound, then began to laugh deep in his throat. "The kid's a lil' whacky, ain't

he?" he snickered. Then, nudging her toward the kitchen with his gun, he added, "Let's find *char dough*, *sisster*!"

While the woman nervously pulled a purse from a kitchen drawer, the kid grabbed a tiny telephone buried in a toy box and yelped into the receiver. "Sheriff! Ambie over here pronounced Varmint's robbin' my mom!"

Ed Grant tilted his head far back, opened his mouth and roared with delight till tears came to his eyes. For several minutes he shook with uncontrolled mirth. Subsidizing slowly, he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. "The lil' nut," he chorled. "A real character, ain't he? Right outa television?"

The kid's face clouded and he ran from the room. A moment later, as Ed Grant peered into the purse he had grabbed, the boy returned. He held a small water pistol. Ed turned, started to guffaw again. "Jerko, here," he exploded. "A reg'lar half-pint hero, ain't he?"

The boy's face tightened . . . he squeezed the trigger and a stream of smoky fluid sprayed into Ed Grant's face. He dropped his gun and a shriek of horror poured from Ed Grant's scored lips. He staggered backwards, his eye-sockets raw cavities where the eyeballs had just been burnt out of his head. One trembling hand went to his face . . . passed over the ruined flesh, which, was curling away with a bubbling sound, revealing stark yellowish bones beneath. Ed Grant screeched in agony, his face already a ghastly oozing wound. He sagged to the floor.

The boy felt his mother's arm tagging him sharply, as she yanked the water pistol from him. "Just wait till I tell your daddy what you just did!" she snapped. "He told you a hundred times never to fill your gun with his *sulfuric acid*!"

**NOW...IF YOU JOIN...YOU GET THE BULLETIN...FREE!**



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THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB  
ROOM 106  
215 LAFAYETTE STREET  
NEW YORK, 12, N. Y.

So here's my \$02! So I could've joined for half the price a couple of months back! So now I get a bulletin subscription. So who says I want it. So I'm a sucker. So put me down and send me the stuff what the kids wearing and the bulletin I don't want but I'm paying for..

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\* (\$02 BONUS CHECKS FOOT THE BAIL FOR THE BULLETIN, WFTF)  
(JUST WE HAD TO RAISE THE PRICE! SO BEH OLD)

\* (\$02 \$02 MEMBERSHIP WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER JUNE 1, 1964)

# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Here comes our morbid mailman with the latest sack of corded stamped squares containing pseudo correspondence from you creeps. So I'll just stick my honey paw into the "YEEHAWWWWW" Mmmmmmm! Very funny! Somebody sent a large coupon in a small envelope. A strange trick! Where was I? Oh, yes... so I'll just stick a pair of scissors into the old mail sack and print a few poems and stuff for your period.

Love Harvath of The Bronx, N. Y. joins the Poetical Parody to the tune of "I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover":

I'm turning you over  
With a sharp lawn mower  
That I never used before.  
The first blade's for chopping.  
The second will hack,  
The third will dispatch  
Your head from your neck.  
No need explaining.  
The one remaining  
You won't hear anyone  
I'm turning you over  
With a sharp lawn mower  
That I never used before.

From the creative claw of John M. Gault who lives in a box in Waterville, Me comes this Steam Song Satire of the tune "Heart of my Heart":

Part of my heart,  
I love that engine,  
Part of my heart,  
Bring back a vein to me.  
When we were kids  
On the corner of the street  
We were rough and ready guys,  
But, oh, now we could handle barres  
Part of my heart  
Mount friends were faster than  
Too bad we had to part  
I know a tear would glaze  
If once more I could hear  
To that gang that are part of my belt

This next Lullabyer Lyric is the brainwork of Conrad J. Falk, of Chicago, Ill who pokes fun at the tune "Singing in the Rain" with these warped words.

I  
I'm swinging in the rain,  
Just swinging in the rain  
What a ghastly old feeling,  
My neck's stretched again  
My eyes bulge with pain,  
As I goggle this refrain  
I'm swinging, swinging in the rain

II

The soap has been sprung,  
My neck has been wrung,  
My tongue is just dangling,  
I know that I'm done  
My face is all red,  
I know that I'm dead,  
I'm swinging, swinging in the rain

Clara Rosella Crossland of McKeesport, Pa. who claims to be a poet in the strictly artistic sense of the word, submits this lovely little poemlet to pluck your heart strings:

My boyfriend is a charming thing  
I love him 'cause he is so sweet  
One side of his ugly face is gone,  
The other hangs with rotting meat

Raymond Newman of Chicago, Ill writes these poetic verses.

Oh, for the life of a vampire,  
That's what I really crave  
To prove the face of death is right,  
And sleep each day in a grave

John Newkirk of Maparth, N. Y. desires his love and this poem:

Blood and Guts  
All over the street,  
And me without  
A spoon to eat

Paul Block and Douglas Tushman (they had to collaborate on this epic, yes) of Elmhurst, N. Y. knock a famous nursery rhyme out:

Tickety Dicky, Dicky  
The men were down the road

Well, enough wit. Now for a limeric.

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I was walking down the street reading my heart EC, when all of a sudden there was a scratch, a scream, and a man lay on the road. He had been hit by a car. The car sped away. I ran over to see what I could do. The man lay there and said, 'I'm dying! Help me!' So I helped him. My sentence is going to be carried out next Monday.

Bob Wilson  
Napara Falls, N. Y.

And now, on the spare left, the commercially. A job reception to this mag will set you back \$7.00 for eight weeks' monthly envelope... and all this for the ad. dress for ad. orders, poetry, comments, and criticism is:

The Crypt-Keeper  
Room 706, Dept. 44  
235 Lafayette Street  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.



HERE'S A TERROR-TALE OF A  
CHICK WHO FINALLY WORMED

# The PROPOSAL



PEARL HAD ALWAYS *LIVED* LIFE IN THE BEST OF STYLE... WITH FINE CLOTHES, JEWELRY, A PARK AVENUE APARTMENT, AND A CHAMPAGNE CADILLAC. AND PEARL HAD ALWAYS MARRIED TO FIND *RICH* HUSBANDS WHO WOULD BE WILLING TO *KEEP* HER IN THE STYLE TO WHICH SHE'D BECOME ACCUSTOMED... LIKE *FREDDY HOWELL*, FOR INSTANCE. FREDDY HOWELL WAS PEARL'S *LATEST* RICH-HUSBAND-BANKRUPT... HE *WAS*, THAT IS, UNTIL HE ANNOUNCED...



NOW, FREDDY WAS *GONE*. PEARL HAD LOST *ANOTHER* BILL-PAYING HUSBAND, AND THE *WIFE* WAS AT THE PENTHOUSE DOOR. PEARL WAS DESPERATE. A *ODD* DESPERATE PLANS WERE FORMULATED IN HER PRETTY RED HEAD AND DISCARDED BEFORE SHE REMEMBERED THE QUIET, GENTLE, LONELY MAN ACROSS THE HALL...



SHE WHAPPED HER FLIMSY BLACK NOCLISEE AROUND HER SHAPELY FIGURE AND STEPPED BOLDLY INTO THE HALL AS HOWARD ELLIS LOOKED HIS APARTMENT DOOR BEHIND HIM AND TURNED TO THE ELEVATOR...



PEARL LET HOWARD STARE. SHE LET HIS EYES TRAVEL OVER HER FULL YOUNG BODY JUST LONG ENOUGH. THEN, SHE PUT ON THE SHY EMBARRASSEDMENT AGL...

OH, I... I'M  
FEARFULLY  
SORRY, MR...  
MR... WHY WERE  
HIS EYES AND  
I DON'T EVEN  
KNOW YOUR NAME!  
I'M PEARL, DRAKE!  
MISS PEARL, DRAKE!

ELLIS! HOWARD  
ELLIS! I... I  
... WELL, HERE'S  
THE ELEVATOR!

PEARL INMEDIATELY CURSED THE HIGH SPEED CONVEYANCE THAT HAD RUSHED UPWARD THROUGH THE STEEL THROAT OF THE BUILDING AND INTERRUPTED HER PROGRESS. SHE TURNED AND GLIDED BACK TO HER APARTMENT AS THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSED.

GOOD MORNING,  
MR. ELLIS... AND  
THANK YOU FOR  
THE TIME!

NOT AT ALL,  
MISS DRAKE...

SHE CLOSED THE DOOR, LEANED BACK DISTRACTEDLY AGAINST IT, AND FROWNED...

I WONDER IF I OVERPLEASSED MY HAND WALKING OUT LIKE THIS? I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO THINK I'M A CHEAP FEMALE WOLF ON THE PROWL. HE LOOKS SO PROPER AND PROUD. I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE IF HE THOUGHT THAT!

THEN PEARL SMILED. SHE WALKED SLOWLY ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM, HER VOLUPTUOUS FIGURE SWAYING SENSUOUSLY...

BUT HE IS A MAN! HE'S GOT ALL OF THE INSTINCTS OF A MAN. I'LL BET HE CAN'T GET ME OFF HIS MIND!

SHE STOPPED AT THE DESK, HER MIND RACING... SCHEMING. PLANNING HER NEXT MOVE. SHE FINGERED THE DISPOSABLE NOTICE SHE'D RECEIVED IN THE MORNING MAIL...

THEY'VE GIVEN ME A WEEK TO FORK OVER THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS HERE OR OUT ON THE STREET I GO. AND I HAVEN'T GOT IT. I HAVEN'T GOT HALF THAT MUCH!

PEARL Pondered her problem another moment and then, with her lovely face assuming a determined air, she hurried into the bedroom TO DRESS...

MR. HOWARD ELLIS IS MY ONLY GUY I'VE GOT TO GET HIM. ONE WITH ON THE OTHER!

THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR STARED HER UP AND DOWN AND SMILED LASCIVIOUSLY WHEN SHE ASKED HIM THE INFORMATION SHE NEEDED. IT WAS OBVIOUS HE'D HEARD OF HER PLAN...

I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT WHAT MR. ELLIS DOES FOR A LIVING? WHAT FORM HE WORKS FOR?

WHY DON'T YOU FIND OUT WHAT I CAN DO, INSTEAD, HONEY?

PEARL KNEW WHEN TO ACT HAUGHTY AND INDIGNANT. UNDER OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES, THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR MIGHT HAVE AROUSED HER INTERESTS, BUT NOW...

WHY, YOU *FRESH*...

SHE STOOD PROUD AND TRIUMPHANT AS HE RUBBED HIS BEET-RED CHEEK WHERE SHE'D SLAPPED IT. THEN, SHE SOLELY REPEATED...

I ASKED YOU IF YOU KNEW MR. ELLIS'S **STOCK BROKER BUSINESS?** NE... HE'S A **STOCK BROKER** I... THINK HE HAS HIS **OWN FIRM**

PEARL CROSSED THE LOBBY TO THE PHONE BOOTHS AND SCANNED THE CITY DIRECTORY...

ELLER... ELLER... ELLIS, MR. HERE IT IS! **HOWARD ELLIS AND ASSOCIATES, INC., STOCK BROKERS, INVESTMENT COUNSELORS, 231 WALL STREET...**

OUTSIDE THE LUXURIOUS APARTMENT, PEARL CONTEMPLATED HAILING A CAB, THEN CONSIDERED HER Waning FINANCES, AND WALKED UP THE SIDE STREET TO THE SUBWAY. SHE ROSE UNCOMFORTABLY IN THE CROWDED ROARING CARS, HER QUINCY NOSE TWITCHING SCORNFULLY AT THE SUFFOCATING SCENT OF THE NURANITY SURROUNDING HER. SHE TRIED TO LOSE HERSELF IN HER PLAN OF STRATEGY...

I'LL WAIT FOR HIM OUTSIDE THE BUILDING AT LUNCH HOUR. OF COURSE IT WILL BE AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING.

AT NOON, PEARL WAS AT THE ENTRANCE TO 231 WALL STREET, HER CAMPAIGN FOR THE CONQUEST OF THE UN-SUSPECTING MR. ELLIS CRYSTAL-CLEAR IN HER MIND...

I'LL CONVINCE HIM TO TAKE ME TO LUNCH AND HE'LL SEE I'N NO CHEAP DAME! HE'LL SEE I GOT HIGH-CLASS TASTE! HE'LL... OH-OH! HERE HE COMES... AND HERE I GO...

I SEE YOUR PARDON, MA'AM? I DIDN'T SEE... I'M SORRY! IT WAS ALL MY FAULT! I... WHY, IT'S MR. ELLIS!

MR. ELLIS! THIS IS A COINCIDENCE, RUNNING INTO YOU LIKE THIS. OH, BUT YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME IN MY CLOTHES, DO YOU? I REMEMBER THESE CLOTHES, REMEMBER THE MORNING? PEARL DRAKE? THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT ACROSS THE HALL? OH, BUT YOU DON'T REMEMBER MISS DRAKE AND THE STOP-FRO WATCH!

BEFORE HOWARD COULD OBJECT, PEARL STEERED HIM TO A TAXI, TOOK HIS HAND, AND LED HIM INTO IT AFTER HER...

YOU DO REMEMBER WELL I OWE YOU SOMETHING FOR GOING SO KIND THIS MORNING, MR. ELLIS. I'M TAKING YOU TO LUNCH, THE PLAZA DRIVE!

THE PLAZA? BUT THAT'S WAY UPTOWN, MISS DART.



BY THE TIME THEY'D FLOWED UPTOWN THROUGH THE TRAFFIC AND ARRIVED AT THE BEAK PLAZA DINING ROOM, PEARL'S EFFULGENT DISPOSITION HAD WARNED THE BITY MILLIONAIRE...

RIGHT BOSS, HOWARD, AND THE ROAST PHEASANT UNDER GLASS SOUNDS DELICIOUS.

HAVE YOU GOT THAT, WAITER? I'LL HAVE A HALF SANDWICH ON WHOLE WHEAT TOAST AND A GLASS OF MILK.



THROUGH THE MEAL, PEARL CAREFULLY ENCOURAGED HOWARD. BY DESERT, HE WAS STRUGGLING TO SAY SOMETHING. BY FOLDS-CAFE, HE'D FINALLY SUMMONED UP THE COURAGE TO PUT HIS HAND ON HER'S AND BLURT...

PEARL...GULP...MAY I TAKE YOU TO DINNER AND A SHOW...TONIGHT?

OH, I'D ADORE THAT, HOWARD!



AND THAT NIGHT, AFTER THEIR DATE, THEY RETURNED TO THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR OF THE LUSH PARK AVENUE APARTMENT HOUSE. PEARL OPENED HER COOR AND SPOKE TEMPTINGLY IN A SOFT HONEYED TONE...

WOULDN'T YOU COME IN FOR A NIGHTS MEETING IN THE MORNING, DEAR?

THANK YOU, MS. PEARL. I HAVE A BOARD MEETING IN THE MORNING AND I MUST GET TO BED.



SO AFTER A BUCK\*GOODNIGHT! PEARL FOUND HERSELF ALONE IN HER APARTMENT, FRUSTRATED AND ANNOYED...

E. I MUST BE LOSING MY TOUCH!



BUT HOWARD ELLIS PHONED PEARL THE NEXT DAY FROM HIS OFFICE AND HER CONFIDENCE IN HER EVENTUAL SUCCESS WAS RESTORED...

WELL, PEARL? WHAT SHALL IT BE TONIGHT?

IT'S SUCH A LOVELY NIGHT, HOME, I'D RATHER NOT BE INDOORS. LET'S TAKE A HARBOR THROUGH THE PARK!



PEARL KNEW WHERE TO FIND ATMOSPHERE CONGENIAL TO ROMANCE. THE RIDE THROUGH THE PARK IN THE HARBOR CAB WAS JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR HAD ORDERED. SOON, HOWARD WAS HOLDING HER HAND AND WHISPERING SOFTLY...

IT IS A LOVELY NIGHT, PEARL...BUT NOT NEARLY AS LOVELY AS YOU ARE!

WHY, HOWARD...



PEARL WAS AN OLD HAND AT THIS GAME OF TRAPPING A MAN. SHE KNEW HOW TO PRESS HER ADVANTAGE... HOW TO MOVE HER SOFT FULL-LIPS CLOSE TO HIS INVITING...

OH, PEARL...



AND SHE KNEW HOW TO ACT SHY AND COY AND SURPRISED WHEN HE'D FINALLY FALLEN INTO HER LITTLE TRAP...

I-I'M SORRY, I-I-I DON'T  
PEARL IS BROUGHT MEIN, HOWE!  
HAVE DONE THAT... I-I-I'M VERY  
FOND OF YOU!



SOON THEY WERE BACK OUTSIDE HER APARTMENT. PEARL LEANED AGAINST HER DOOR, FINGERING HOWARD'S COAT LAPEL AND GENTLY, GENTLY DRAGGING HIM AGAINST HER SUFVIERNS BODY... WHISPERING...

KISS ME AGAIN, PEARL...  
HOWE...



SHE KISSED HIM WITH MOIST RAVISHING HUNGRY LIPS. SHE KISSED HIM AS SHE KNEW HE'D NEVER BEEN KISSED BEFORE. AND THEN SHE LEFT HIM STANDING THERE... LIMP... TREMBLING... GASPING FOR BREATH. SHE LOCKED THE DOOR BETWEEN THEM AND STOOD IN THE DARKNESS OF HER APARTMENT, GRINNING WITH SATISFACTION...

ONCE MORE LIKE THAT AND HE'LL BE BEDDING AND IT'S BETTER BE SOON! I'VE ONLY GOT A FEW DAYS LEFT BEFORE I GET KICKED OUT!



IT WAS WARM THE NEXT EVENING, THERE WAS NO MOON AND THE SNOW HUNG DARK OVERHEAD. PEARL COULD BRIDGE THE DEEP TENSION IN HOWARD AS THEY WALKED HOME. SHE WAITED PATIENTLY. FINALLY, HE STOPPED BENEATH A LAMP POST AND HE GAVE A NEW EASER DETERMINED LOOK IN HIS EYES...

PEARL! I-I-I NEED YOU! I WANT YOU!

OH, HOWARD! IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW MUCH I NEED YOU!



SHE WATCHED THIS WEALTHY MILVETUAST PULL HIMSELF TOGETHER MANFULLY. SHE LISTENED, SHOCKED, TO THE WORDS HE CAREFULLY ENOUNCED IN A FIRM, ALMOST FORMAL MANNER...

PEARL, I WANT YOU FOR MY WIFE!

WHAT?!



THIS WAS BEYOND PEARL'S WILDEST DREAMS. HAD SHE HEARD RIGHT? WAS THIS A PROPOSAL? NOW IT WAS PEARL WHO WAS NERVOUS. THIS CHARACTER WAS PLAYING FOR KEEPS. NOT FOR A MONTH, A YEAR, FOREVER. SHE HAD TO ASK HIM AGAIN...

HOWARD, ARE YOU SURE? YOU DON'T KNOW ME!

I KNOW YOU WELL ENOUGH TO WANT YOU FOR MY WIFE, PEARL!



PEARL WAS ECSTATIC, SHE GLOWED IN HER UNHOPED-FOR TRIUMPH, AND WHEN HE ASKED...

"WILL YOU COME UP  
TO MY APARTMENT,"  
PEARL?

OH, YES,  
HOW? YES...



THEY WENT UP... HE, HOLDING HER HAND IN A TIGHT FEVERISH GRIP, HIS BREATHING QUICKENED WITH EXCITEMENT... AND SHE, FOLLOWING EAGERLY, ANXIOUS TO CONVINCE HIM OF HIS WISE CHOICE, ANXIOUS TO THANK HIM...

IN HERE... THE  
BEDROOM...

YES, HOWIE...



HE OPENED THE BEDROOM DOOR AND SHOVED PEARL IN. SHE HEARD THE LOCK CLICK BEHIND HIM... HEARD HIS LOW THROATED SMILE. SHE PEERED INTO THE BLOOM...

ESTHER? I  
BROUGHT ANOTHER  
ONE...

ESTHER??  
WHO'S SHE?



AND THEN PEARL SAW THE COFFIN IN THE BLOOM... THE OLD COFFIN WITH THE LID SQUEAKING OPEN... THE PALE WHITE FIGURE RISING FROM ITS... BITS OF EARTH CROPPING FROM ITS FLOWING BLACK CAPE... THE RAZOR-SHARP SNAKE-LIKE HANDS... THE BEZING SPITTLE...

MY GOD! WHAT IS IT,  
HOWIE? WHAT IS IT?

THIS IS MY WIFE,  
PEARL! SHE'S A  
VAMPIRE!



HOWARD PUSHED PEARL TOWARDS THE PROTHING, GRAVING, HIDDEN CREATURE...

I TOLD YOU I WANTED  
YOU FOR MY WIFE!

NO! NO!  
OH, LORD!



AND HOWARD SAT DOWN AND WATCHED WITH SATISFACTION AS HIS LIVING-DEAD WIFE SPREAD UPON THIS LATEST DESERVING VICTIM WHO WAS BROUGHT. HE LISTENED EAGERLY TO HER SLUTTISH SLUMPING NOISES. HE NODDED APPROVINGLY AS THE PINK GLOW CAME BACK INTO HER SUNKEN CHEEKS, AND PEARL'S WRITHING BODY BECAME PALER AND PALER AND PALER.



SO POOR PEARL FINALLY FOUND HER LAST HUSBAND-SUCKER? ONLY IN ONE CASE, IT WAS THE HUSBAND'S WIFE WHO WAS THE SUCKER... BLOOD-SUCKER, THAT IS! HER, HOW? WELL, THE OLD WITCH TAKES WITH ANOTHER OF HER CREEPY CAULDRON-CONCOCTIONS SO ALL STEP ASIDE WHILE SHE SLURPS SLIME AT YOU. BY THE WAY, I HEAR SOME PEOPLE FINALLY JOINED THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB. THAT'S GOOD NEWS! I WAS BEGINNING TO BE AFRAID THE MEMBERSHIP WAS GOING TO BE LIMITED TO ER... THINGS. SHALL WE SAY? BEEP NOW, PEOPLE TOO? WELL, WHAT'D YA KNOW? 'BYE!



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HIE, HIE! COME IN, CREEPS. YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE FOR RETCHING... THE HAUNT OF FEAR, AND, *WHY DIDN'T I SAY THAT'S FRENCH, FRIENDS!* HAVE I GOT A REVOLTING TALE FOR YOU, WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S COOKING IN MY GROSSST CAST-IRON CAULDRON? WELL, YOUR OLD WITCH HAS A SOFT BLAS OF BRISBY GAS ABOUT A TERROR TIME AND A FAST OPERATOR WHO BROUGHT A MESSY MATTER TO A HEAD AND CUT IT OFF THERE! SO Wipe the DRUDL FROM YOUR CHINS, SEND YOUR FLOPPY EARS THIS WAY, AND LISTEN TO THIS DELIGHTFUL TALE OF BUTCHERY CALLED...

## The Sliceman Cometh

THAT 10TH OF MARCH, 1756, WAS GRIM AND GREY WITH RAIN THREATENING IN THE DIMMOUS BLACK CLOUDS THAT BILLOWED OVERHEAD. A RAIN WIND HOWLED FURIOUSLY ABOUT THE CRIMSON-STAINED GUILLOTINE, BUT IT COULD NOT CLEAR THE REPULED AIR OF ITS ABATOR AROMA. UNDERFOOTDOOR- STONES WERE SLIPPERY WITH CONGEALING SORE, WHILE FRESH WARM BLOOD BUMBLED IN A CONSTANT FLOW DOWN THE BUTTERS AS THE GREAT BLADE HISSED DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN, HEAPING THE BASKET WITH WIDE-EYED NOBLE HEADS THERE, CALMLY, STOOD THE MAN OF THE HOUR, THE EXECUTIONER, *ANDRÉ MACHE*, AND THE JEERING, HOOTING, RED-BONNETED CITIZENRY, READING AN URGENT MESSAGE JUST HANDED TO HIM.

"AND IF A THOUSAND GOLD LOUIS INTEREST YOU, THEN VISIT ME AT 48 RUE ORNOU." HMM? *PIERRE*, I MUST LEAVE! CARRY ON FOR ME, EN?

A PLEASURE, *ANDRÉ*.

AS *ANDRÉ* HURRIED AWAY FROM THE ANGRY SCENE, HIS BLOOD-SEALED SHOES LEAVING RED IMPRINTS ON THE PAVING STONES—HE EAGERLY RE-READ THE NOTE HE'D RECEIVED.

A THOUSAND GOLD LOUIS! SACRE BLEU!



SOON, THE EXECUTIONER WAS BOWLED  
OVER INTO A SPACIOUS ROOM OF  
AS PUE CUBBY BY A VERNAL-LOOKING  
MAN WITH AN UNCTUOUS GRIN  
ABOUT HIM. . .

AN, M'SIEU VACHE! I AM JEAN  
CORBEAU. IT IS A GREAT  
HONOR INDEED TO HAVE SO  
IMPORTANT AND DISTINGUISHED  
A VISITOR AS YOU IN MY HOME. . .

YOU MENTIONED  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
ONE THOUSAND  
GOLD LOUIS.

CITIZEN  
CORBEAU THAT  
IS WHY I AM  
HERE.

MAKE YOUR-  
SELF COM-  
FORTABLE.  
WINE, HERE...  
SOME OF THE  
FINEST WINE  
FROM MY CELLAR  
AND NOW. . . I  
WILL EXPLAIN  
WHY I SENT FOR  
YOU. . .

ACTUALLY, THIS HOUSE IS NOT  
MINE. IT BELONGS TO MY BROTHER  
CLAUDE. BEING THE ELDER, MY  
FATHER LEFT HIM EVERYTHING...  
A FORTUNE W'D'OU. SHOULD ANY-  
THING HAPPEN TO CLAUDE, I'D  
GET IT ALL. YOU UNDERSTAND?



YOU WANT ME TO KID  
YOU OF YOUR BROTHER,  
CITIZEN CORBEAU?  
BARRIST! YOU INSULT ME!  
I WOULD MURDER A MAN...  
EVEN FOR THAT MUCH  
BOLD?

NOT MURDER. WOMAN!  
MERELY AN ACCUSATION  
TO THE RIGHT PARTIES...  
AND THE HEAD OF  
ANOTHER ROYALIST  
SYMPATHIZER WOULD  
ROLL INTO YOUR BASKET.

ALTHAT IS A DIFFERENT STORY.  
M'SIEU CORBEAU, IF YOUR BROTHER  
IS ONE OF THEM... A ROYALIST...  
THEN I WILL BE GLAD TO EXPOSE  
HIM. IT WOULD BE MY DUTY!

YOU ARE A WISE  
MAN, M'SIEU VACHE.  
DO NOT THINK I AM  
NOT FOND OF MY  
BROTHER. BUT THERE  
ARE TWO THINGS I  
LOVE MORE: FRANCE  
AND MONEY?



HERE IS HALF THE PAYMENT...  
500 GOLD LOUIS. YOU WILL  
RECEIVE THE REST WHEN I HAVE  
PROOF THAT MY BROTHER HAS  
BEEN SECURED? SO MANY  
HEADS FALL THESE DAYS...

YOU SHALL HAVE  
UNDENIABLE  
EVIDENCE,  
CITIZEN CORBEAU.  
I WILL SEE TO  
IT! AND NOW, ADV  
SOME. . .

AND SO, THAT VERY DAY, ANDRE VACHE MADE HIS ACCU-  
SATION. . .

I HAVE IT FROM HIS OWN BROTHER'S LIPS,  
CITIZEN MAMM! CLAUDE CORBEAU IS IN  
FULL SYMPATHY WITH THE NOBILITY,  
DESPISES THE NEWLY-FORMED  
REPUBLIC AND WOULD BETRAY IT  
AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY. . .

ORDER  
THE  
ARREST  
OF CLAUDE  
CORBEAU.





THE NEXT DAY, CITIZEN MARAT AND SIX OTHER JUDGES OF THE COMMUNE LOOKED DOWN COLDLY AND IMPASSIVELY AT THE ACCUSED...



THE CHAMBER, THROTTLED WITH ANGRY RAISED CITIZENS, SHOOK WITH THE HORROR CLAMORING FOR STILL ANOTHER HEAD...



I AM NOT AN ENEMY OF THE REVOLUTION. WHEN AN INNOCENT MAN CAN BE DRAGGED FROM HIS HOME ON THE FINEST OF PRETEXTS ACCUSED OF TREASON WITHOUT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE, AND SENT TO THE GUILLOTINE BY SUCH A LAW... THEN THIS IS NOT A TRIAL, BUT WANTON BUTCHERY!

HE EVEN SPEAKS LIKE THE NOBILITY!

DEATH! DEATH!

CITIZEN MARAT HELD UP HIS HAND AND A HUSH FELL OVER THE CHAMBER. THEN, SCOWLING DARKLY AT THE ACCUSED, HE WHISPERED...



THIS IS YOUR DEFENSE, MRS. COMBEAUX... THAT WE ARE BUTCHERS BECAUSE WE DESTROY OUR ENEMIES?

HE LOOKED AT HIS FELLOW JUDGES...



WHAT SAY YOU CITIZENS?

WE HAVE THE WORD OF THE EMINENT EXECUTIONER, ANDRÉ VACHE, CITIZEN MARAT! THAT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

CITIZEN MARAT BARRIC HIS HAND AND DROPPED A SQUARE OF BLACK CLOTH. AND WITH THIS SYMBOLIC GESTURE, THE CROWD ROARED ITS APPROVAL...



THE PERDONT, CLAUDE COMBEAUX, IS DEAD ON THE GUILLOTINE!

ANDRÉ VACHE LED CLAUDE TO THE MONSTRIOUS MACHINE AS WHITING NEEDLES CLICKED AND THE THROAT JERRED...



SOMEHOW, YOU LYING SOB, JUSTICE WILL BE DONE!

YOU DELAY THE PERFORMANCE, W'SIEU. MADAM LA GUILLOTINE MUST NOT BE KEPT WAITING!

THE RED-BONNETED CROWD WAITED IN TENSE SILENCE AS THE HEAVY KNIFE WAS HOISTED HIGH BETWEEN THE SLOTTED PARALLEL BEAMS. THEN, WITH A WHINING CRESCENDO TO ACCOMPANY THE RAZOR-SHARP BLADE'S DESCENT, THE CROWD EXPLODED IN A LUSTY CHEER AS IT HIT... CUTTING THROUGH FLESH AND BONE, SLAMMING INTO THE BLOCK...



ANDRÉ CAUGHT CLAUDE'S HEAD IN A GRASP AS HOT BLOOD SPURTED FROM THE SEVERED VEINS AND ARTERIES OF THE DECAPITATED BODY, SPRAYING HIS FACE AND CLOTHES. HE HELD UP THE HEAD-HEAVY BAG WITH A TRIUMPHANT GRIN. THE CROWD SCREAMED...



HE MOVED THROUGH THE SILENT DESERTED STREETS, HEARING THE CHEERS FROM THE BULLDOZING SQUARE AND THINKING ONLY OF THE GOLD HE HAD EARNED. BEFORE LONG, HE ARRIVED AT 49 RUE DU BOIS.



YOU ASKED FOR PROOF, CITIZEN COURBEAU?

AH... YOU BROUGHT MY BROTHER'S CLOTHES?

ANDRÉ VACHE REACHED INTO THE BAG, PULLED FORTH ITS CONTENTS, AND HELD IT DAZZLING BY THE FAIR



BETTER THAN THAT... I BROUGHT THIS! LOOK!

CHORE...

JEAN COURBEAU TURNED SICKLY GREEN. HE WHISPERED SOFTLY...



TAKE YOUR MONEY! HERE! HASTY! SET... SET IT OUT OF HOURS' REACH... SET AWAY OF IT!

ANDRÉ WENT LIGHT-HEARTEDLY THROUGH THE EVENING STREETS, THE GOLD JINGLING IN HIS POCKETS, THE BAG SWINGING MERRILY AT HIS SIDE. A COACH RUMBLING BY, AND HE PLAYFULLY TOSSED THE RED-SOAKED BAG THROUGH ITS WINDOW...



THE COACH STOPPED. A TALL MAN GOT OUT AND CARRIED THE SOAKY RUMBLE BACK TO ANDRÉ...



DO YOU TAKE OUR REVOLT SO LIGHTLY THAT IT AMUSES YOU TO THROW ABOUT THE HEAD OF AN ENEMY?

TAKE CARE, CITIZEN! YOU SPEAK TO VACHE, MASTER OF THE BULLDOZING!

THE MAN HANDED ANDRÉ THE BAG...



AND I, CITIZEN VACHE, AM MASTER OF FRANCE THROUGH ROBERT-PERRET!

A... A THOU-SAND PARDONS, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

THE COACH RUMBLING OFF AND ANDRÉ WALKED ON, DETERMINED TO RID HIMSELF OF THE HEAD. AS HE CROSSED ONE OF THE SEINE BRIDGES, HE TOSSED IT OVER THE PARAPET...



ANDRE DID NOT SEE THE SACK LAND IN THE BOTTOM OF A BOAT THAT CAME FROM UNDER THE BRIDGE AND THE HEAD ROLLED OUT AND THE FISHERMEN GASPED.



HOW DO YOU WANT THAT KIND OF FRENCH JOKE IS THIS?

LOOK! IT IS VAGNE, THE EXECUTIONER!

I WAS IN THE SQUARE WHEN HE GOT THIS HEAD TODAY, HEARD HE HELD IT UP FOR ALL TO SEE, HE WAS VERY PROUD OF IT! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME ONE VERY SPECIAL!



THEN HE DROPPED IT ACCIDENTALLY! COME, EDWARD, WE WILL PUT OURSELVES IN GOOD WITH HIM BY RETURNING IT!

WHEN ANDRE RETURNED TO HIS ROOMING HOUSE, HE WAS GREETED BY HIS LANDLADY, MADAME BARRETTE...



TWO CITIZENS LEFT JUNE FOR YOU, MR. VAGNE!

NO! NO! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

ANDRE HURRIED OUT INTO THE STREET WITH THE BLOOD-SOAKED BAG. HE STOPPED OVER A SEWER-GRATE...



OF, AND CLAUDE COURBEAU! SO THEY PLAY GAMES WITH US! WELL, PERHAPS THE RATS DOWN THERE WILL FIND YOU TEMPTING...

THE HEAD DROPPED TO ANDRE'S FEET AS IT TORE THROUGH THE BAG'S BLOOD-ROTTED BOTTOM. THE CLOTH DISAPPEARED INTO THE GARB-REeking DARKNESS. ANDRE HESITATED, STUPIDLY, AS AN OCREAT, HEAPED WITH HEADLESS CORPSES, ROUNDED THE CORNER...



VAGNE! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOUR LOOKS RECOGNIZE SOME OF YOUR CUSTOMERS!

TAKE THEM AWAY, BOSS! GO BURY THEM!

ANDRE STOOD OVER THE GRIMMING HEAD, HIDING IT FROM THE CART-DRIVER'S VIEW...



I'M IN NO HURRY VAGNE. LET US STOP FOR A GRIM! OUR HEADLESS FRIENDS CAN WAIT!

LET ME ALONE, BOSS! GO BURY YOUR FOUL-SMELLING DEAD!

BOSS SHRUGGED AND THE CART RUMBLLED OFF. ANDRE TURNED TO THE HEAD, ANGRY AND FRUSTRATED. HE REACHED FOR IT SAVAGELY...



TORMENT ME, WILL YOU, CLAUDE COURBEAU! WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

THE EXECUTIONER CAME UPON A MARKET OPEN LATE AND LIT DIMLY BY OIL LAMPS. HE PASSED THE STALLS OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES AND SMILED AT THE JOKE HE MADE...



FREE AT LAST OF HIS PAINFUL BURDEN, ANDRE CELEBRATED HIS NEW-FOUND FORTUNE AT AN INN WITH A GLASS OF BRANDY THEN HE RETURNED HOME AND, MEETING HIS LANDLADY, GOOD-NATUREDLY RELIEVED HER OF HER SHOPPING BASKET...



THEY ENTERED THE ROOMING HOUSE TOGETHER AND WENT INTO THE KIT-KITCHEN.



CLAUDE COURBEN'S HEAD GRINNED UP AT ANDRE FROM AMONG THE VEGETABLES MADAM BARRETTE EMPTIED OUT ONTO THE KITCHEN TABLE...



THE LANDLADY MOANED AND TURNED AWAY, SIDE ANDRE, SHAKING UNCONTROLLABLY, FLUNG OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND THREW THE BARGOYLE-LIKE SCULL INTO THE DARK STREET BELOW...



A MOMENT LATER, MONSIEUR ETIENNE, ANOTHER BOMBER, ENTERED... ON HIS DOUR FACE, A LOOK MORE OF PATHOS THAN ANGER... IN HIS HAND, THE HEAD...



ANDRE PUNED, THE BLOOD DRAINING FROM HIS FACE. HE SEIZED A CLEAVER FROM THE TABLE, THEN TURNED AND SWATHED THE HEAD FROM MONSIEUR ETIENNE.



ANDRÉ STUMBLED TO HIS ROOM AND WITH A RAGE THAT VIBBED IN MADNESS, HE KNOCKED ON THE FLOOR AND KICKED AT THE LIFELESS FLUSH AND BOHE UNTIL HE'D REDUCED IT INTO AN UNRECOGNIZABLE HEAP OF WRECK—WRECK!



NOW, LET'S SEE YOU COME BACK! NOW! NOW!

THEN, WEAK AND EXHAUSTED, HIS INTERIORS ROLLING AND GULVERING LIKE JELLY, THE EXECUTIONER SANK ON HIS BED IN A COMA-LIKE STUPOR.



SOS... SOS...

AN HOUR PASSED. PARIS WAS ASLEEP. THE NIGHT WAS STILL EXCEPT FOR AN EX-CANT THAT RUMBLED BY BELOW. ANDRÉ STIRRED AT ITS NOISE AND SAT UP, HE LISTENED TO THE FRONT DOOR OPEN, THE HEAVY DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS... THE KNOCK OF HIS OWN DOOR TURN... AND THEN...



GOURBEAU!

THE HEADLESS CORPSE STUMBLED TOWARD ANDRÉ, ITS HAND DESTIGULATING TOWARD ITS NECK, POINTING...



YOUR HEAD? YOU'VE COME FOR YOUR HEAD? OH, LORD, OH! I'— I CAN'T GIVE IT TO YOU! THERE... ON THE FLOOR... THERE IS WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

THE DECAPITATED BODY HESITATED, AS IF BEMODERED AS TO WHAT TO DO. THEN IT CRASSED FORWARD AGAIN... REACHING FOR ANDRÉ... REACHING... REACHING...



NO! NO! KEEP AWAY-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y...

MAIGNE BARITTE HEARD THE EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM THAT ECHOED THROUGH HER ROOMING HOUSE AND RUSHED TO ANDRÉ'S ROOM WITH A CANDLE. BUT AS SHE REACHED THE DOOR, IT OPENED, THE BODY OF CLAUDE GOURBEAU STUMBLED OUT, AND ON ITS SHOULDERS, CRIMSON DRIPPING FROM ITS TORN AND RUPTURED BLOOD VESSELS, SAT THE SAKRILEGIOUS TORN-OFF HEAD OF ANDRÉ VACHE.



CHOKE...

HIE, HIE! WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY TO GET AHEAD IN THE HORROR-EXCITORIES! AND NOW, IT'S TIME TO GHOST LK'S MUCK-WAD FOR THIS ISSUE! HOPE YOU WON'T BORED STIFF! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE VAULT OF HORROR... WHEN WE'LL BE HEADING



BACK YOUR WAY WITH MORE TOP HORROR YARN! TILL THEN, THINK ABOUT JOINING THE E.G. FAN-ARNDT CLUB! DON'T BE A SUCKER AND DO IT! JUST THINK ABOUT IT!

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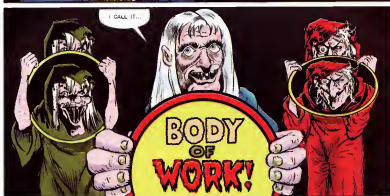


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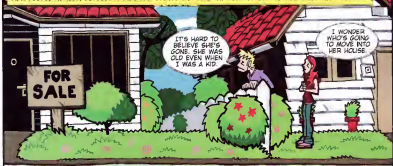


EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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NOTHING MUCH HAPPENS IN THE TOWN OF CRANWELL, NEW JERSEY, THAT'S WHY, WHEN ELDERLY GLADYS PRICE DIED, PEOPLE NOTICED, ESPECIALLY MIKE AND LINDA ANDERSON, THE MARRIED COUPLE WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR.



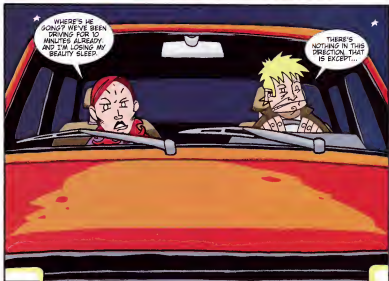
DURING THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, ALL THE CUSTOMERS AT THE LOCAL DINER WHERE MIKE WORKED AS A COOK, AND LINDA, AS A WAITRESS, HAD IDEAS...



A FEW WEEKS LATER THE HOUSE WAS SOLD. A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER...









ON THEIR WAY BACK HOME...

WELL, NOW  
WE KNOW WHERE  
HE GOES AT NIGHT  
AND WHAT  
HE'S DOING.

HE'S ONE  
SICK PUPPY.

A FEW DAYS LATER....

CHECK OUT THESE  
PHOTOS. BOB AT THE  
DRUGSTORE GAVE THEM  
TO ME. THEY'RE COPIES OF  
THE ONES THAT KROLL  
DROPPED OFF TO BE  
DEVELOPED.





THESE MUST BE  
SOME OF HIS PAINTINGS!  
LOOK AT ALL THOSE CORPSES!  
YOU DON'T THINK HE  
ACTUALLY DIGGS THEM  
UP, DO YOU?

IF HE HAD  
MARTY AT THE  
POLICE STATION  
WOULD'VE SAID  
SOMETHING AT OUR  
WEEKLY POKER  
GAME.

A MAAT



I GUESS  
IT TAKES  
ALL KINDS.

MAYBE KROLL  
GOES TO THE  
CEMETERY FOR  
INSPIRATION.



AFTER THAT, THINGS WERE QUIET FOR A WHILE. OR AT LEAST  
AS QUIET AS IT GETS IN ANY SMALL TOWN.

YOU RUINED  
THESE  
PANCAKES

IT'S A NEW  
RECIPE I'M  
TRYING.

WHAT'S IT  
CALLED? "HOW TO  
LOSE CUSTOMERS  
AND GET US  
FIRED"?



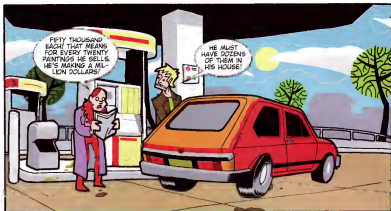
THEN ONE DAY, SOME-  
THING HAPPENED THAT  
CHANGED EVERYTHING...

TAKE A LOOK  
AT THIS ARTICLE  
IN THE CRANWELL  
WEEKLY.

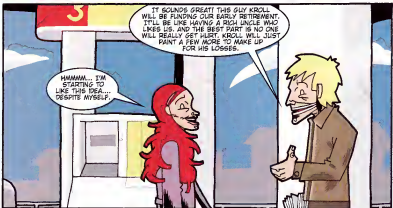
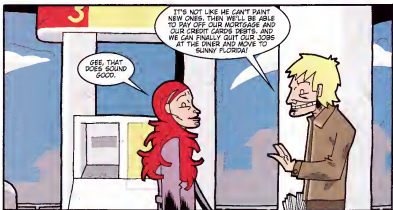
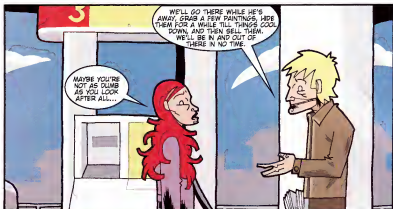
READ IT.

I HOPE IT'S  
NOT ANOTHER RECIPE.  
HEY, IT'S ABOUT OUR  
NEIGHBOR, JACK  
KROLL.









A WEEK  
WENT BY  
AND THEN  
THE DAY  
CAME...

KROLL'S GETTING  
INTO HIS CAR. IN A  
FEW MINUTES THAT  
CREEP WILL BE  
ON HIS WAY TO  
NEW YORK.

IT TAKES AT  
LEAST AN HOUR AND A  
HALF TO GET TO THE CITY,  
PLUS WITH THE TRAFFIC AT  
THIS HOUR, YOU CAN ADD  
AT LEAST ANOTHER  
HALF HOUR.



ACCORDING TO THE  
ART GALLERY, THE OPENING  
PARTY SHOULD GO ON PAST  
MIDNIGHT. SO WE'RE LOOKING  
AT FOUR OR FIVE HOURS  
AT LEAST.



THAT'S ASSUMING  
THAT HE DOESN'T  
STAY AT A HOTEL IN  
NEW YORK FOR THE  
NIGHT. BUT WE CAN'T  
COUNT ON THAT.

LET'S WAIT A  
COUPLE OF HOURS,  
THEN WE'LL MAKE  
OUR MOVE.

I'M  
SCARED.



THINK  
ABOUT  
FLORIDA.



TWO HOURS LATER.

WE'RE IN HIS  
BACKYARD!  
WE'RE HALFWAY  
THERE.

HEY, KEEP  
YOUR SHIRT ON,  
TOM CRUISE--THIS  
ISN'T MISSION  
IMPOSSIBLE!

NOW REMEMBER,  
YOU'RE STANDING  
WATCH OUTSIDE.  
CALL ME ON YOUR CELL IF  
THERE ARE ANY SIGNS  
OF TROUBLE.

OKAY.

MIKE PRIE'S OPEN A WINDOW AND LOWERS  
HIMSELF INTO HIS NEIGHBOR'S BASEMENT.

LOOK AT ALL  
THIS JUNK. IT LOOKS  
LIKE A RUMMAGE  
SALE AT STEPHEN  
KING'S HOUSE.



IN ANOTHER ROOM...

PAY DIRT! IT'S A TREASURE TROVE! THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO PAY FOR OUR RETIREMENT A HUNDRED TIMES OVER!

MIKE EAGERLY GRABS AS MANY PAINTINGS AS HE CAN CARRY AND RETURNS TO HIS HOUSE...

LOOK AT THEM! THEY'RE THE LIGHTEST THINGS YOU'VE EVER SEEN AND WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. WE DID IT!

NOT YET! I'M GOING BACK AND MAKING ANOTHER RUN!

BUT WE'VE GOT PLENTY HERE!

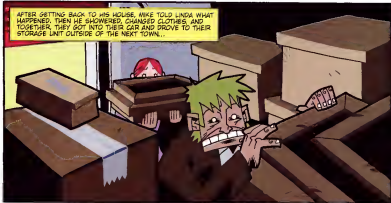
I'LL JUST GET A FEW MORE. I'M TELLING YOU HE HAS A WHOLE BASEMENT FULL OF THEM!







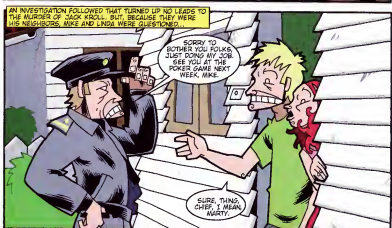
AFTER GETTING BACK TO HIS HOUSE, MIKE TOLD LINDA WHAT HAPPENED. THEN HE SHOWERED, CHANGED CLOTHES, AND TOGETHER, THEY GOT INTO THEIR CAR AND DROVE TO THEIR STORAGE UNIT OUTSIDE OF THE NEXT TOWN...



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE OWNER OF THE NEW YORK ART GALLERY CALLED THE CRANWELL POLICE TO REPORT THAT THEY HAD BEEN UNABLE TO REACH KROLL. THE POLICE CHECKED KROLL'S HOUSE AND FOUND HIS BODY...



AN INVESTIGATION FOLLOWED THAT TURNED UP NO LEADS TO THE MURDER OF JACK KROLL. BUT, BECAUSE THEY WERE HIS NEIGHBORS, MIKE AND LINDA WERE QUESTIONED...



A YEAR WENT BY, AND LIFE WENT ON IN THE TOWN OF CRANWELL, AND PEOPLE FORGOT ABOUT THE ARTIST WHO WAS MURDERED, BUT THERE WERE TWO PEOPLE WHO DID NOT FORGET...

NOW'S THE TIME TO SELL! I'VE GOT ART DEALERS IN THREE STATES THAT HAVE EXPRESSED INTEREST IN BUYING HIS PICTURES.

ACCORDING TO THIS WEBSITE, NOW THAT KROLL'S BEEN DEAD FOR A YEAR, THE VALUE OF HIS PAINTINGS HAVE GONE UP A LOT.

THAT NIGHT, MIKE AND LINDA DROVE TO THEIR STORAGE UNIT TO RETRIEVE SOME OF JACK KROLL'S PAINTINGS...

LUCKILY, THIS STORAGE FACILITY HAS TWENTY-FOUR HOUR ACCESS.

I DON'T LIKE COMING HERE AT NIGHT. IT'S SPOOKY. WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

PROBABLY SOMEONE GOING TO THEIR OWN STORAGE SPACE.

WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE SMELL?

WHO CARES? JUST HELP ME LOAD THESE PAINTINGS INTO THE TRUNK.

BUT BEFORE MIKE AND LINDA COULD TAKE ANY MORE OF THE PAINTINGS OUT, THEY HEARD THE SOUND OF SOMETHING SCRAPING AGAINST THE ASPHALT ON THE GROUND, AND THEN THAT TERRIBLE SMELL SUDDENLY GOT MUCH, MUCH WORSE...

AND THE OTHERS... THAT BLUE DRESS... THE STRIPED SHIRT... THEY'RE KROLL'S MODELS!!

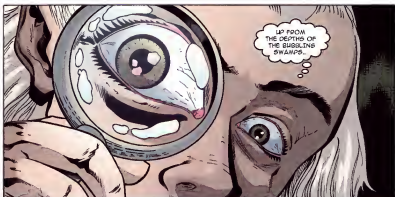
OH, MY LORD! ZOCHOKEK CORPSES! JUST LIKE THE ONES IN KROLL'S PAINTINGS! ONLY THESE ARE REAL! AND THAT ONE IS DRESSED IN KROLL'S CLOTHES!

MR. EXES

THE NEXT DAY THE POLICE FOUND MIKE AND LINDA DEAD. THEY'D BOTH HAD HEART ATTACKS. THE ODDS OF THAT HAPPENING, ACCORDING TO THE MEDICAL EXAMINER, WERE ASTRONOMICAL. THE PAINTINGS WERE RECOVERED, AND SENT TO JACK KROLL'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE; AN OLD AUNT, WHOM, FOR SOME REASON, THOUGHT THEY WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THINGS SHE'D EVER SEEN.







TOMMY!

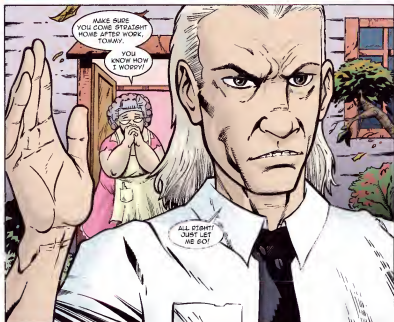
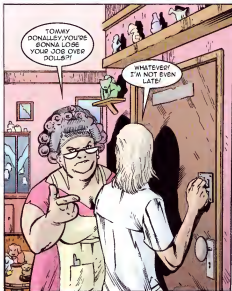
ARE YOU STILL  
PLAYING WITH  
THOSE HORRIBLE  
DOLLS?

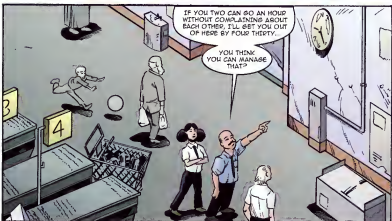
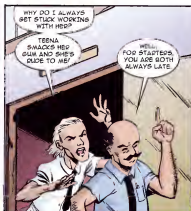
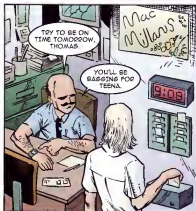
YOU'RE  
GONNA BE LATE  
FOR WORK!

THEY AREN'T  
DOLLS, MOM!

THEY'RE FULLY-  
POSSIBLE MICRO-  
ARTICULATED ACTION  
FIGURES!

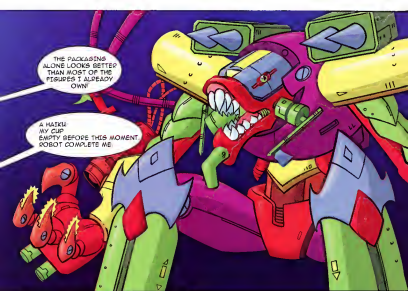
AND I WASN'T  
EVEN LOOKING  
AT 'EM!











THE PACKAGING  
ALONE LOOKS BETTER  
THAN MOST OF THE  
FIGURES I ALREADY  
OWN!

A HAIKU  
MY CUP  
EMPTY BEFORE THIS MOMENT  
ROBOT COMPLETE ME



YIKES!

AM I SEE YOU'VE  
FOUND OUR LATEST  
IMPORT PIECE

EXQUISITE  
ISN'T IT?

IT'S OKAY IF YOU  
ARE INTO FOREIGN  
STUFF, I GUESS

IS IT  
ON SALE?



UH, NO.

PROBABLY BETTER  
IF WE DON'T HANDLE IT.  
SERIOUS COLLECTORS WILLING  
TO DROP A HUNDRED BUCKS ON  
A PIECE LIKE THIS ARE PICKY  
ABOUT CONDITION



I CAN FIND A  
DOZEN OF THESE  
ONLINE FOR  
HALF THAT!

BE MY GUEST

I'LL BE PRICING  
UP YO-SI-MON CARDS  
IF YOU NEED ANY  
MORE HELP



BUT LATER THAT  
NIGHT...

I CAN'T EVEN  
FIND A PICTURE  
OF IT!

WHY DIDN'T  
I ASK HIM WHAT  
THE STUPID THING  
WAS CALLED?



TOMMY! I THOUGHT I TOLD  
YOU TO GO TO BED!

I WON'T  
SLEEP  
A WINK  
IF I HAVE  
TO WORRY  
ABOUT WHAT  
YOU ARE UP  
TO DOWN  
HERE!









ARE YOU HOME FROM WORK, TOMMY?

YEAH, MOM!



THE HOURS SEEM TO FLY BY AS THOMAS EXAMINES HIS ILL-GOTTEN GAIN UNTIL...

DUHH! I'M TOO TIRED TO KEEP MY EYES FOCUSED ANY LONGER



JUST ONE MORE DAY OF WORK TO GET THROUGH AND THEN I'LL HAVE THE WEEKEND TO LOOK AT IT AS MUCH AS I LIKE

NO NEED TO BE GOSSEY. I'VE GOT MY WHOLE LIFE LEFT TO ENJOY IT





EVEN IF THE  
DRAGON'S HOARD WILL GIVE  
ME HALF OF WHAT I PAID FOR  
THAT IMPORT FIGURE, I STILL  
WON'T HAVE ENOUGH TO PAY  
MACMILLANS BACK BY  
TOMORROW!

WAYRE  
THEY'LL BUY  
SOME OF  
MY OTH-

ESP!

NOOOOOOOOOO!





KRASSSHH



HEY, WHAT'S THAT?!













Translation:  
"SUPER EVIL DEMON ROBOT!  
"COMES TO LIFE!  
"WRECKS YOUR HOME!  
"NOW 250% MORE CURSED!"



FOR SERIOUS  
COLLECTORS ONLY

250%呪いレベルUP!

THE END

HAI HAI HAI! TOMMY GOT MORE ACTION FROM HIS FULLY-POSEABLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED FIGURES THAN HE BARBAINED FOR!

KLIK  
KLIK

SEE, KIDDES—  
ALWAYS BE SURE  
TO READ THE LABEL!  
OR DO YOU JUST  
THINK THAT'S JUST  
A CROC-O-ZOID?

SERIOUS COLLECTORS ARE NOT  
TO BE TRIFLED WITH! THAT'S WHY  
WHEN I LIST MY WORTHLESS JUNK  
ON EEBAY...

...I MAKE SURE TO ACCURATELY DEGRADE! AFTER  
ALL, IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU LEARN IN A CRYPT,  
IT'S HOW TO GET YOUR COLLECTIBLES SLASSED! AND I  
CERTAINLY MADE SURE TO PACK EVERYTHING SECURELY!  
I FIND THAT PINE BOXES WORK BEST FOR ME—  
ALTHOUGH THE SHRED-EX GUY DOESN'T  
SEEM TO APPRECIATE IT!

THUMP  
KNOK  
KNOK

THUMP  
KNOK  
KNOK

SO, LET'S NOT WAIT  
A HALF CENTURY UNTIL WE  
MEET AGAIN! BE BACK IN JUST  
SIXTY DAYS FOR MORE TALES  
FROM THE CRYPT!

# The Return of TALES FROM THE CRYPT



**I**t's one of the biggest surprises in the world of comics and graphic novel publishing! Shortly before the 2007 New York Comic Con, Papercutz announced that we would be publishing all-new TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics. After more than 50 years, EC Comics' legendary flagship title returns with all-new shocking SpenStories, narrated by the original Crypt-Keeper, Old Witch, and Vault Keeper. Each issue will feature two 20-page tales of terror in the EC tradition!

Reactions ranged from excitement—from fans thrilled to see the most famous horror comicbook ever return after over fifty years, to shock—that it was to be coming from a publisher primarily known for its graphic novels such as *Nancy Drew* and *The Hardy Boys* which contain material suitable for all-ages, as the HBO TALES FROM THE CRYPT series certainly contained a fair amount of adult content.

"People forget that the original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comicbook, published by the EC Comics back in the 50s, was also intended for all-ages, and its primary readership was young boys," Papercutz Editor-in-Chief Jim Salicrup is quick to point out. But that may be exactly what fans find so controversial. The original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics, featuring stories dreamed up by EC publisher William M. Gaines and his editor Al Feldstein, and drawn by Feldstein, as well as Graham Ingles, Jack Davis, Jack Kamen, Joe Orlando, Wally Wood, Harvey Kurtzman, Bill Elder, Reed Crandall, Johnny Craig, Al Williamson, George Evans, and colored by Marie Severin, started a horror comics craze that soon drew the attention of psychiatrist Dr. Frederick Wertham.

Wertham reacted to horror comics' popularity with children by writing a book called "Seduction of the Innocent," which maintained that comics led to juvenile delinquency and even worse behavior. Parents were understandably alarmed, and soon the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency was taking a hard look at comicbooks. EC Comics publisher Bill Gaines spoke before the Subcommittee, but was unable to convince them that his comics were entertaining stories told in good taste. Ultimately, comicbook publishers adversely affected by the negative publicity created the Comics Magazine Association of America which would review comics and award a seal of approval to assure parents that the comic's contents were safe, wholesome entertainment.

Unfortunately, it was too late for many publishers, as the negative publicity had so hurt sales of comics that many comicbook companies went out of business. EC Comics, tried to hang in there, but despite canceling their horror comics, and creating new titles such as "Valor" and "Psychoanalysis," only MAD comics, in a new magazine format, survived.

The question is, was TALES FROM CRYPT really all that bad? "Of course not!" Salicrup insists. "Ironically, many of the original stories would be approved by today's revised Comics Code, but sure, there were some stories that still wouldn't get by. The point here is that the stories that Papercutz will be creating will be aimed at readers age 10 and up. Instead of excessive blood and gore, we'll be sticking to the TALES FROM THE CRYPT tradition of stories filled with interesting characters, lots of dark humor, and of course, the trademarked EC "shock" endings!"

But ultimately it's you who will decide if we succeeded or failed. Send your comments to us at [salicrup@papercutz.com](mailto:salicrup@papercutz.com) or to THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER, PAPERUTZ, 40 Exchange Place, Ste. 1308, New York, NY 10005. We'll run the most interesting comments in our next issue, which is coming your way in just 60 days.

When reached for comment, The Crypt-Keeper said, "It's good to be back, boils and ghouls—and it's about time! Ahahahah!"

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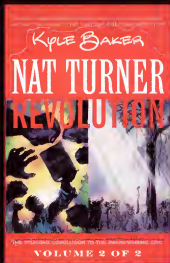
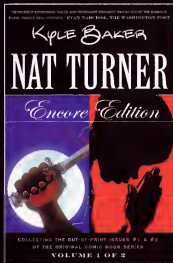
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BOOK  
PCB  
580-

# WHO SCANNED IT? WHY WHO? CARDS?

*No one gives a crap who the scanner is except the scanner so stop worrying and just scan!*

**FRIENDLY SCANS  
EVERYBODY!**

FEEL FREE  
TO USE  
THIS TAG  
IN YOUR  
OWN EGO  
FREE SCANS

**Like it? - Buy it!**  
**Digital Comics Preservation**

TALES  
FROM THE  
CRYPT

THE  
MURDER  
MAGAZINE



THE  
MURDER  
MAGAZINE



THE  
MURDER  
MAGAZINE



THE  
MURDER  
MAGAZINE



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEY, HEY! WELCOME, YOU DEAR LITTLE MONRO MONSTERS, TO MY NEW TERROR-TITLE! E.C.'S BRUESOME THREESOME IS NOW A REVOLTING FOURSOME, AS "THE CRYPT OF TERROR" JOINS WITH "THE VAULT OF HORROR," "THE HAUNT OF FEAR," AND "TALES FROM THE CRYPT" TO BRING YOU HEAPING HELPFULS OF HORROR IN THE GIFT-IMITATED E.C. TRADITION. I TRUST YOU'LL BE AMPLY SICKENED BY THIS LATEST COLLECTION OF GADDEROUS GAYOTIMOS, AS IF NOW, ALL IS AT PEACE AT THE E.C. OFFICE, BUT I EXPECT TROUBLE WITH THE VAULT-KEEPER AND THE OLD WITCH REALIZES THAT I NOW HAVE TWO MUCH-BAD TO THEIR ONE! OH, WELL, THERE'S NO USE SLAUGHTERING YOUR CHILDREN BEFORE YOU COME TO THE BURNED BRIDGES. SO, COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR... AND YOUR MOST IN HORROR AND HEAVEN. YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER WILL LAUNCH MY NEW HAUSEATING NEWSPRINT-MARGOTIC WITH THE BLOOD-CORULINE SPINE-FINDLING FELD-FARN I CALL.

## UPON REFLECTION



CHESTER WAYNE TRUCKED TREMBULOUSLY ALONG THE BACKROAD ROAD LEADING FROM PLAINSVILLE. HIS HAND-POWERED RIFLE WAS READY, HIS NERVOUS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER. ABOVE, A FULL MOON SHED A PALE LIGHT ON THE COUNTRYSIDE, SILHOUETTING EACH SHADY BUSH INTO AN OBNOXIOUS CROUCHING FORM. AROUND HIM, EACH FAINT WHISPER OF WIND BURNED "SO BACK! SO BACK!"...



I SPOKE OVER MAMIE'S BAKED BONES I'D GET THE ONE WHO DID IT TO HER. I'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING! I'VE GOT TO!

THINKING OF MAMIE MADE CHESTER MAD AND DROVE HIM ON. HE WAS ROUNDING A TURN WHEN HE SAW IT NOT FORTY FEET AHEAD. HE STOPPED ABRUPTLY AND CALLED OUT TO THE BLACK-CLAD HILL IN THE SHALLOW ROAD-SIDE DITCH...



WHO, WHO'S THERE?

THE STARTLED CREATURE TURNED FROM ITS HUMAN PREY A CLAMMY SWEAT BROKE OUT ON CHESTER WHEN HE SAW THE HUNNY FACE, THE BLOOD DRIPPING FROM ITS LIPS AND CHIN...



GASPS! OH, LORD...

THE WEREWOLF BARED ITS FANGS AT THE HUNTER AND SMARLED. CHESTER DROPPED TO ONE KNEE, THREW THE RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER. A HOLLOW-WOODED BOSS SHRIEKED ACROSS THE ROAD AFTER THE NOW-FLEEING BEAST!



HIT HIM! FOR MAMIE!  
RIP HIM OPEN!

HE WAS MUMM WITH HORROR, HALF-BLIND WITH RAGE AS HE BLASTED AWAY AT THE DISAPPEARING MONSTER TILL THE MAGAZINE WAS EMPTY AND THE HAMMER CLICKED DEAD ON THE EMPTY RIFLE CHAMBER.



MISSED HIM! SOB... MAMIE!  
I SOB... MISSED...

LOATH TO LOOK UPON THE SORT REMAINS THAT LAY IN THE DITCH, CHESTER WAS NEVERTHELESS DRAWN TOWARD THEM AS THOUGH BY SOME MAGNET OF MOROSITY. HE APPROACHED ON TREMBLING LEGS... LOOKED... THEN RECOILED IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT OF BARE BONE AND RAW, HALF-EATEN FLESH...



OH GOD!

A GREAT VICIOUS SCREAM WRENCHED AT CHESTER'S INNARDS... AND HE TURNED, RETCHING, AND RAN THE WHOLE WAY BACK TO PLAINSVILLE...



THE MEN IN HARLEY'S TAVERN LEAPED TO THEIR FEET AS CHESTER BURST THROUGH THE DOOR, HEADED FOR THE BAR. THEY SAW THE RIFLE AND THE LOOK ON HIS FACE AND THEY DREW.

WHO... WHO WAS THAT? QUICK, FRANK! POUR ME SOMETHIN' STRAIGHT!



CHESTER TOSSED OFF A DOUBLE BOURBON... AND WHILE IT WAS STILL BURNING DOWN, HE PANTED OUT THE TERRIBLE DETAILS OF HIS HARBORING EXPERIENCE...

GOD, MAN! TELL US WHO IT WAS! WE'VE ALL GOT FAMILIES!



A FARMER HAD A PLACE THREE MILES OUT... BEEN HIM IN TOWN... NICE RIF. GUY. HE'S GONNA BE QUITE A LONG, LONG TIME NOW... LIKE MY MAMIE!

AT FIRST THE MEN EXCHANGED GUILTY GLANCES OF RELIEF, BUT AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF BROODING SILENCE, PAUL MYERS CLIMBED ONTO A TABLE AND SHOUTED...

THAT MAKES FIVE VICTIMS IN AS MANY MONTHS... AND WHY? AIN'T WE PAYIN' FOR PROTECTION IN THIS ROTTEN TOWN? ALL WE GET FROM MAYOR HARRISON IS PROMISES! DO WE WAIT TILL THAT WEREWOLF GRABS SOMEONE CLOSE TO US BEFORE WE MAKE HARRISON DO SOMETHIN'??



IT ALREADY GOT SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME, PAUL! MY WIFE, MAMIE!



THAT OWES YOU MORE RIGHT TO TELL THE MAYOR OFF, CHEST. YOU'LL LEAD THE WAY AND WE'LL BACK YOU UP!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, MAYOR ELWOOD HARRISON WAS AWAKENED BY SHOUTS OF HIS NAME. HE LEANED UNNERSHLY FROM THE BEDROOM WINDOW OF HIS COLONIAL HOME AND LOOKED DOWN AT THE ANGRY CROWD BELOW.

PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! THEN COME MY WIFE IS ASLEEP! ON DOWN, MAYOR!



SOON, HIS PORTLY PANAMA-CLAD FIGURE WHIPPED IN A SLAND ROSE, THE DISMAYED MAYOR OF PLAINSVILLE STOOD BEFORE HIS TOWN-PEOPLE, LISTENING TO THE FRIGHTFUL NEWS...

TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE! I'LL SEND OFFICIAL CONDOLENCES TO HIS WIDOW IN THE MORN...



A PRT LOT OF SODA THAT'LL DO, MAYOR? WHAT ABOUT THE PROTECTION YOU PROMISED US?



WHAT CAN I DO, MR. WAYNE? FOR ONE THING, THIS FIERCE ATTACK TOOK PLACE OUTSIDE OF TOWN... BEYOND MY JURISDICTION!

MY WIFE'S BODY WAS RANCHED RIGHT HERE ON THE STREETS OF PLAINSVILLE!



WE WANT MORE THAN WORDS, MAYOR!

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT, HARRISON?

MAJOR HANSON TRIED TO PACIFY THE ROILING MOB...

PLEASE, GENTLE-  
MEN! NOW, MR.  
WAYNE, YOU SAY  
YOU FIRED SEVERAL  
SILVER BULLETS  
AT THE WEREWOLF.  
THEY WERE SILVER  
BULLETS, OF COURSE!

SENSE? I  
DON'T GET  
YOU, MAJOR.  
I USED GOLD-  
LODGE BULLETS.  
IT'S... LEAD.  
NOT SILVER.  
THEY'RE LIKE  
GUM-BOOMS...

MAJOR HANSON WAS VERY ADEPT AT SHIFTING THE PRESSURE FROM HIMSELF...

WELL, I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN  
SOMEONE WOULD GO OFF HALF-  
COCKED AT MY DEAR MR. WAYNE...  
IF YOU'D TAKEN THE TROUBLE  
TO READ UP ON WEREWOLVES. AS  
I HAVE, YOU'D KNOW THAT ONLY  
A SILVER BULLET CAN KILL A  
WEREWOLF!

THE CROWD FELL SILENT WITH EMBARRASSMENT, FOR NO MAN WISHED TO ADMIT IGNORANCE TO HIS NEIGHBOR. MAJOR HANSON SMILED PATRONIZINGLY...

I'LL WELCOME ANYONE OF YOU  
TO MY LIBRARY WHO'D CARE TO  
INFORM HIMSELF ON THE HABITS  
OF THE LYCANTHROPE. MEAN-  
WHILE, MY FELLOW CITIZENS, BE  
CALM AND... GOOD-NIGHT...

THE MAJOR WENT BACK INTO HIS STately HOME, THE CROWD DISPERSED, AND CHESTER WAYNE JOINED PAUL MYERS AND CHUCK BOGGS IN A HIDEOUS SESSION AT MARLEY'S TAVERN...

THESE MEN WERE AS WISE AS THE  
BOURNE OUT OF A HOT SPOT THAN  
MAJOR HANSON!

WE'RE NO BETTER  
OFF THAN BEFORE  
WE CALLED ON HIM!

CHESTER WAYNE ORIMACED...

YES, WE ARE! WE HAVE TIME... A WHOLE  
MONTH BEFORE THE NEXT FULL MOON. WE  
CAN START MELTING DOWN SILVER COMBS  
FOR BULLETS! WE CAN BE READY THE  
NEXT TIME THAT WEREWOLF SHOWS HIMSELF...

SO MOST OF THE PEOPLE OF PLAINSVILLE LIVED IN DREAD OF THE COMING FULL MOON... AND THE NIGHT IT ARRIVED, EVERYONE STAYED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS AND SHUTTERED WINDOWS. ONLY CLARA HANSON, THE MAJOR'S WIFE, TENTURED OUT TO VISIT HER AGED AND AILING MOTHER...

I'VE GOT TO BE FUNKING ALONE, MAMA.  
ELWOOD WILL BE WORRYING ABOUT  
ME! PROMISE YOU'LL TAKE IT EASY...

WHAT ELSE  
COULD I DO  
IN THIS  
WINDCHILL,  
CLARA?

IT WAS JUST THREE SHORT BLOCKS FROM HER MOTHER'S HOME TO THE HANSON HOME. CLARA WALKED UNAFRAID, UNTIL SHE SAW THE FULL YELLOW MOON HANGING HIGH ABOVE THE VILLAGE SQUARE...

SUP... THANK HEAVENS IT'S  
NOT FART!



CLARA HANSON HURRIED HER STEPS, FINDING SOME LITTLE COMFORT AS THE GRIND CLIPPING OF HER HEELS ALONG THE CEMENTED SIDEWALK KEPT TIME WITH THE RAPID BEATING OF HER RACING HEART. SHE'D REACHED THE SQUARE, ONLY ONE BLOCK FROM HOME, WHEN SHE HEARD THE TERRIFYING TRAIL. SHE SPUN AROUND, HER BLOOD TURNING TO ICE IN HER VEINS...



HER ATTEMPTED SCREAM CAME FORTH AS NO MORE THAN AN ANATHEMATIC WHEELING SCREAM. THE FLESH-STAINED BEAST SPRANG... DIPPING ITS BLEAMING FANGS INTO HER THROBBING THROAT... RIPPING IT OPEN... FOUNTAINING THE BLOOD OVER ITS HAIRY FACE... INTO ITS RED BOILING EYES...



WHILE JUST ACROSS THE SQUARE, IN HARLEY'S TAVERN, CHESTER WATHE AND PAUL MYERS WERE FORTIFYING THEMSELVES AT THE BAR.



WE'RE READY FOR 'EM THIS TIME, FRANK! YEP! GOT SILVER BULLETS IN OUR RIFLES...

THAT'S RIGHT, FRANK!

HARVEY! GOT LOT OF GOOD YOU'RE DOIN' TALKIN' ABOUT IT HERE! IF YOU'RE GONNA AFTER 'EM, GOT IF YOU'RE SCARED, THEN ADMIT IT AND QUIT BULLIN'!

SHEEPISHLY, THEY KICKED UP THEIR SILVER-BULLET-LOADED CARBINES AND WALKED FROM THE TAVERN, ACROSS THE SQUARE. THEY GOT NO FURTHER THAN WHERE THE SHATTERED SKELETON OF CLARA HANSON LAY IN A POOL OF COAGULATING BLOOD, HER BLOOD SOAKED CLOTHES STREWN ABOUT...



PAUL CHOKES...

WE'RE...WE'RE TOO LATE! EMMO! LET'S GET THE MAYOR! LET'S MAKE HIM SEE FOR HIMSELF!

MAYOR HANSON WAS PLAINLY TROUBLED WHEN HE FACED THE TWO WHITE-FACED MEN ACROSS HIS THRESHOLD...



...STUCK AGAIN?? OH... LORD! NO! NO! I JUST KNOWED MY MOTHER-IN-LAW! CLARA HANSON! COME HOME YET I WAS IT A...A WOMAN?

PAUL! HEY! I'M THINKIN' THE SAME THING! YOU BETTER GET DRESSED, MAYOR!

THE MAYOR RECOGNIZED HIS WIFE'S CLOTHES AT ONCE. WITH MUCH LOUD BAILING AND ANGUISHED SOBBS, HE FELL ACROSS HER FLESH-STRIPPED BONES...

CLARA SOB... MY CLARA

ALL THAT CRYING WON'T HELP HER NOW...

LEAVE HIM ALONE, PAUL!



AT LAST THE MAYOR AROSE AND HIS TEAR-REDDENED EYES BLAZED

THAT FILTHY PILE THING! I'LL GET EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN IN THIS TOWN AFTER IT!

THIS TIME IT'S YOUR WIFE, AND THE SHOE'S ON THE OTHER FOOT!

LAF OFF, WILL YOU, PAUL!



EVERY MAN WILL BE ARMED! THERE'LL BE SILVER BULLETS FOR ALL! A VIGILANTE COMMITTEE, THAT'S WHAT WE'LL HAVE! WE'LL DIVIDE INTO GROUPS... COME THE COUNTRYBOY! COME THE NEXT FULL MOON WE'LL BE WAITING!



WITHIN TWENTY-EGHTE DAYS, EVERY CAPABLE MAN IN PLAINS-VILLE HAD RECEIVED A RIFLE AND FIVE SILVER BULLETS. EVERYONE HAD PRACTICED WITH MOVING TARGETS. EVERYONE WAS READY. THE AFTERNOON BEFORE THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON THE MEN THROBLED BEFORE MAYOR HANSON'S MARCHION

WE'LL START NOW. IN GROUPS OF SIX... IN DAYLIGHT... SO WE CAN ADMIRIT OURSELVES WITH EACH AREA! NOW, REMEMBER



...STAY CLOSE TOGETHER AND MAKE SURE OF WHAT YOU'RE SHOOTING AT! WHEN YOU SEE SOMETHING MOVE, MAKE CERTAIN IT ISN'T ONE OF YOUR OWN PARTY. PAIR OFF! ONE MAN USE A LIGHT WHILE THE OTHER MAN DOES THE SHOOTING! WE DON'T WANT ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE KILLED!



IT WAS TWILIGHT WHEN MAJOR HANSON, WEARING A RED DUDE SHOOTING JACKET AND SCARLET HUNTER'S CAP, CLIMBED FROM HIS CAR AT THE REMEDIOUS SPOT FOR HIS GROUP. CHESTER BAYNE GRINNED...

WHEE, THE FANCY GUYFIT ON ME HONOR, PAUL. YOU COULD SEE IT IN A COAL MINE AT MIDNIGHT.

HUNTING IN THE DARK IS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS, MR. BAYNE. I'D RATHER BE SAFE THAN SORRY.



WHEN DARKNESS CAME, THE MEN WERE ALERT AND ALERT! MATT STEVENS, WITH HIS GROUP IN TOWN, SAW A SUSPICIOUS FIGURE, SCREAMED OUT AFTER IT, AND BEGAN SHOOTING...

CUT THAT OUT, MATT! THE MAJOR SAID TO MAKE SURE WHAT YOU'RE SHOOTING AT!





LUCKILY, MATTHEW'S SHOTS WERE WILD. THE FIGURE TURNED OUT TO BE A FAMILIAR DRUNK THEY ALL KNEW WELL...

WELL, WHAT'S YOU RUN FOR IF YOU AREN'T THE WEREWOLF?

I AMN'T AND SOBERED I'M GONNA BE A BITTIN' DUCK WHEN SOMEONE SPESHEN UP ON ME HART INTERVIEW!



MEANWHILE, MAYOR HANSON AND HIS PARTY'D SURROUNDED A STRANGE OLD WOMAN WALKING ALONG A LONELY DARK ROAD...

LADY, YOU'RE TAKING A CHANCE BEING OUT TONIGHT! BETTER LET US SEE YOU HOME!

I DON'T NEED THEEES HOME! I AMN'T SKEERED!



PAUL MYERS STUDIED THE OLD LADY.

HOLD ON, MAYOR! WHO SAYS THE WEREWOLF'S GOT TO BE A MAN? I'VE SEEN THIS GUYER CAME AROUND. I NEVER LINED HER LOOKS!

MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, MYERS. I HADN'T THOUGHT OF A FEMALE WEREWOLF!



MAYOR HANSON AND PAUL MYERS REVEALED THEIR THEORY TO THE OTHERS OF THEIR PARTY...

WELL, NOW CAN WE TELL IF SHE IS THE WEREWOLF?

WE'LL TAKE HER BACK TO MY PLACE! I HAVE THAT BOOK! IT TELLS HOW TO RECOGNIZE A WEREWOLF... EVEN IN HUMAN FORM!



CHET WAYNE BRANCHED HIS RIFLE AND SCOOPED...

AW, BUTS TO YOUR BOOK, MAYOR. IN LESS THAN TWENTY MINUTES, THE MOON WILL BE FULL. THEN, IF THE OLD LADY TURNS OUT TO BE WHAT WE'RE AFTER, WE LET HER HAVE IT!

...AND IF SHE DOESN'T, THEN WE'VE WASTED VALUABLE TIME... PERHAPS EVEN LET THE REAL WEREWOLF ESCAPE.



THEY MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE MAYOR'S CAR. THE OLD LADY POUNED THEM AS THEY TRIED TO PUSH HER IN. SHE EVEN BIT PAUL'S HAND...

OWIE! THE DIRTY BITCH!

I AMN'T DOWN! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME GO!



PAUL SOLVED THE PROBLEM. HE BRUNG HIS RIFLE - BUTT, CLOUTING THE OLD WOMAN ACROSS THE SIDE OF HER HEAD.

THIS... THIS IS KIDNAPPING! AFTER ALL, WE STILL HAVE NO PROOF! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT HER...

AH, CLIMB OFF MY BACK, WATCH! AND STEP ON IT! SHE'S OUT GOLF!



IT TOOK HIM OVER FIFTEEN MINUTES TO REACH THE MAYOR'S HOUSE IN TOWN. BY THAT TIME, THE OLD MAN HAD PERISHED.



**I'LL GET THE BOOK AND COME RIGHT OUT! HOLD HER!**

**I STILL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY, HARRISON! IN LESS THAN THREE MINUTES THE MOON WILL BE FULL... AND THEN WE'LL KNOW FOR SURE!**

MAYOR HARRISON HURRIED INTO THE HOUSE, STUMBLING DOWN THE ONLY LIT HALL TO THE DARK LIBRARY. HE STOPPED SUDDENLY AS HE REACHED THE DOOR... AND STARED AT THE GLEAMING EYES BURNING IN THE BLACKNESS BEYOND.



**WHAT THE...? SOMEONE'S IN THERE! IT'S... IT'S...**

MAYOR HARRISON MOVED FORWARD SLOWLY, HIS FINGER READY. THEN, ALL AT ONCE, HE SAW IT... THE BARRY FACE... THE GLEAMING FANGS FLASHING FROM BEHIND THE SHARLING CRUEL MOUTH. HE SCREAMED...



**IT'S THE WEREWOLF!**

HE FIRED, POINT-BLANK, AGAIN AND AGAIN. THE VILE FEROCIOUS BEAST JUST STOOD THERE... SHARLING AT HIM.



**MY GOD! THE SILVER BULLETS! THEY DON'T KILL HIM! I COULDN'T MISS... NOT AT THIS RANGE!**

OUTSIDE, THE MEN HEARD THE SHOTS AND TORE FOR THE HOUSE... THE MAYOR STUMBLED TO THE LIBRARY LIGHT SWITCH, FLICKING IT ON. HE SMILED AS THE BLOW FLOODED THE ROOM.



**YAAAAHHHHHH!**

**IS THERE? THE LIBRARY!**

**IT'S THE MAYOR! HE'S PROBABLY BEING ATTACKED BY THE WEREWOLF!**

MAYOR ELWOOD HARRISON STOOD BEFORE THE FULL-LENGTH LIBRARY MIRROR, SHARLING AND SHRIeking, STARING IDENTICALLY AT THE BULLET HOLTS HE'D MADE WHEN HE'D SHOT AT HIS OWN REFLECTION.



**GOOD LORD!**

**CHOKER!**

AND THAT'S THE FIRST SCREAM-STORY IN MY NEW PUTRID PERIODICAL, PERIOD. NATURALLY, THEY SHOT MAYOR WEREWOLF AFTER THAT. IN FACT THEY PUMPED HIM SO FULL OF SILVER BULLETS, HE HAD TO BE LOWERED INTO HIS GRAVE WITH A DERRICK! THEN A COUPLE OF CRAVE-BORERS HEARD ABOUT THE SILVER... AND BUT THAT'S



**ANOTHER STORY! I'LL DO THAT UP SOME OTHER TIME. NOW THE PAUL-KEEPER WAITS WITH HIS CREEPY CONTRIBUTION TO THIS MOROSE MEAL. I'LL BE BACK LATER. BYE, NOW.**

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! AND NOW THAT C.R. HAS CURLED YOUR ARTERIAL BLOOD, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR HOST IN THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE VAULT-KEEPER... NAMELY, ME... TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A SPINE-FINGLING, NAUSEATING NOVELETTE FROM MY CREEP COLLECTION. LET'S BEGIN! OH... LET'S NOT BEGIN YET! THIS IS A GOOD STORY ONE! IT'S CALLED...

## BLIND ALLEYS

THE "HOME" WAS OLD AND PAINT-STARVED AND DRAFTY AND BADLY IN NEED OF REPAIR... THE ROOF LEAKED AND THE WINDOWS RATTLED AND WERE COVERED WITH YEARS OF DUST AND GRIME... THE INMATES OF THE HOME WALKED GRIM-FACED AND SILENT THROUGH CRACKED PLASTER HALLS, OR SAT IN DIMLY ROOMS ON CRAWLING BEGS. THEY SHIVERED IN THE COLD WHEN WINTER CAME... WHEN THERE WAS NO STEAM TO WARM THE RUSTED RADIATORS...



...AND THEY SHIVERED IN THE HEAT WHEN SUMMER BURNED... WHEN LONG-BROKEN FANS LAY IDLE AND UNREPAIRED AND INABLE TO WAFT A BREATH OF COOL... THE RELIEF...



BUT THEY COULD NOT SEE THE PAINT-PEELED WALLS...THE DIRT CLOAKED WINDOWS...THE DUSTY AND COB-WEBBED HALLS OF THIS, THEIR HOME...THESE INMATES, THEY COULD NOT SEE THE ROACHES AND THE RATS SCAMPERING ACROSS THE UNWASHED FLOORS...



...AS THIS WAS A "HOME" FOR THE BLIND...FOR WRETCHED SOULS WHO LIVED IN WORLDS OF DARKNESS...WHO STARED WITH UNSEEING EYES AT THE MISERY AROUND THEM...AND YET *KNOW* AND *HATED* ALL OF IT...



FOR THE LOSS OF *ONE* SENSE ONLY TEMPS TO SHARPEN THE OTHERS...TO TUNE THEM MORE FINELY...TO MAKE THEM MORE *ACUTE*...THE INMATES *KNOW* BECAUSE THEY COULD TASTE...AND TOUCH...AND SMELL AND HEAR, THEY COULD TASTE THE SPOILED AND ROTTED FOOD PLACED BEFORE THEM AT MEALTIMES.



THEY COULD TOUCH THE STICKY, FILMY GOBBERS...THE DUST LAYERS COVERING EVERYTHING...



THEY COULD SMELL THE POUL DOORS OF MILDEW AND FAULTY PLUMBING AND POOR SANITATION AND NEGLECT...



THEY COULD HEAR THE RATS SCAMPERING AND THE ROACHES CRAWLING AND THE TERMITES BURNING AND THE LICE AND RED-BUGS AND FLIES AND A THOUSAND OTHER CREATURES OF FILTH THAT MOVED.



AND THEY COULD HEAR *OTHER* CREATURES TOO...*OTHER* CREATURES OF FILTH THAT MOVED. THEY COULD HEAR MR. SPENCER, THE HOME'S DIRECTOR, IN HIS OFFICE-APARTMENT DOWNSTAIRS, ENTERTAINING HIS LATEST LADY-FRIEND WITH THE MONEY HE'D SAVED ON THEM...THE INMATES...



THEY COULD HEAR HIS ALMOST MIMICRAL LAUGHTER AND THE CLINKING OF CHAMPAGNE GLASSES. THEY COULD SMELL THE MOUTH-WATERING GOSSES OF THE LATELIER SUPPER HE WAS ENJOYING, AND THEY COULD SEE, IN THEIR MINDS' EYES, THE LUXURIES WITH WHICH HE'D SELFISHLY SURROUNDED HIMSELF AT THEIR EXPENSE...



YES, SUMNER BRUNWALD HAD **INDEED** SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH LUXURIES...PAID FOR WITH THE **ALLOT-MENTS** GIVEN HIM FOR EACH BLIND INMATE. WHO **PAINTED PLASTER DREAMY HALLS** THAT THEY'D NEVER **SEE**, WHEN HE COULD HAVE AN **AIR-CON-DITIONER** FOR THOSE **BLISTERING SUMMER DAYS**...



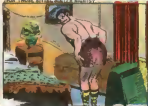
**WHY LIVE** THESE POOR MISERABLE BLIND FOOLS **BEAUTY** IF THEY COULD NOT **APPRECIATE** BEAUTY? SUMNER BRUNWALD'S **FELT** THAT **WAS** SO HE'D **SKIPPED** ON THE INMATES...**CUT CORNERS HERE... DENIED THERE...** AND WITH THE **SURPLUS**, HE'D **SUPPLIED** HIMSELF WITH **BEAUTY**...



**FINE FURNITURE...GOOD BOOKS... PLUSH RUGS...EXPENSIVE DRAPES...** AN OCCASIONAL EVENING OF **FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP**...THEY WERE **ALL** SUMNER'S TO ENJOY. HE'D EVEN **BOUGHT** A **DOG**...A **VICIOUS** **DOG**...HE'D HAD A **GOOD REASON**...



**WHY LAUNDRY SHEETS AND BLANKETS AND CLOTHES** OF DIRT-SMARS AND SWEAT-STAINS THAT THEY'D NEVER **SEE** WHEN HE COULD HAVE A **HEATER** FOR THOSE **BITING WINTER NIGHTS**...



FOR SUMNER KNEW THAT **ANOTHER** SENSE HAD **REPLACED** THE INMATES' SENSE OF **SMELL**...A **DEEP-SEATED** SENSE...**AND**ING EACH DAY, HE'D SEEN IT IN THEIR **HEBBERED-BLIND EYES**, IN THEIR **SILENT GRIM FACES**. HE'D SEEN THEM **SPOTTING HATE** SO HE'D **BOUGHT** THE **DOG** FOR **PROTECTION**...



**AND** WITH THE **DOG** AT HIS SIDE, SUMNER'D **TALKED-SELF-CONFIDENTLY** BEFORE THEM, **KNOWING** THAT HIS **SIGHT** AND THE **DOG'S** **STRENGTH** WOULD **KEEP** HIM FROM **HARM**...



**AND** SO, HE'D BEEN ABLE TO **CONTINUE** TO **ENJOY** HIS **PLEASANT** LITTLE AMUSEMENTS...**LIKE** **TRIPPING** **HELP-LESS** **UNARMED** INMATES AS THEY'D **TOTTER** **BLINDLY** BY HIM. . .



...OR REMOVING SOMETHING THAT  
THEY'D COME TO KNOW WAS THERE  
AND COUNTED ON...



...OR ADDING SOMETHING NEW...



...OR BEING JUST MEAN...



YES, SUMNER'S **ABUSED** HIMSELF WITH HIS CHARGES  
INABILITY TO SEE HE'D BEEN **SARCASTIC** WITH HIS  
TORTURES. AND HE'D BROWN **FAT** ON HIS DENIALS.  
AND HIS CHARGES HAD SAT IN THEIR WORLD OF DARK-  
NESS AND **WAITED**. LISTENING.



...AND TONIGHT, THEIR **OPPORTUNITY** CAME...



...SO THEY LURED THE DOG DOWN INTO THE OLD MUSTY CELLAR  
OF THE HOME WITH SOME MEAT-SCRAPE THEY'D SAVED FROM  
THEIR SCANTY MEALS...



AND THEN THEY WAITED. THEY WAITED FOR SUMMER'S FRIENDS OF THE EVENING TO LEAVE. . .



THEY WAITED FOR SUMMER TO MISS HIS BOB. . .



...AND THEN THEY STRUCK! BLINDLY, UNSEEING... THEY SURROUNDED THEIR HATED ENEMY. . .



...AND DRAGGED HIM TO THE CELLAR TOO...TO ANOTHER WAITING CUBICLE. . .



BUT SUMMER'S ONLY ANSWER WAS THE SOFT WHINE OF THE BOB IN THE ADJOINING CUBICLE. . .



THEN THEY BEGAN TO WORK. THEY DRAGGED OUT OLD DIMMERS AND RUSTY NAILS AND LONG-LOST BOLT. . .



AND THEY WENT THROUGH THE HOME AND CUT AND RIPPED AND CHOPPED THE LUMBER THEY NEEDED. . .



GUNNER LISTENED TO THE HAMMERING COMING THROUGH THE CELLAR. HE LISTENED TO THEIR SCOWLS AND CHATTER, AND HE WONDERED...



WHAT ARE THEY DOING? WHAT ARE THEY MAKING?

AND HE LISTENED AS THE NIGHT PASSED AND DAWN CAME, AND THE DOG IN THE CUBICLE NEXT DOOR GREW HUNGRY AND PACED AND GROVLED AND SCRATCHED AS ITS STOMACH GINNED...



FEED BRUTUS, YOU FOOLS! HE'LL GET WILD IF YOU DON'T! HE'LL BE DANGEROUS!

WE KNOW, MR. ORIGINAL!

THE DAY PASSED AND NIGHT CAME AGAIN. GUNNER'S OWN STOMACH ACHED WITH HUNGER, AND STILL THEY HAMMERED AND SAWED AND LAUGHED AND TALKED...



WHAT ARE YOU MAKING? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

YOU'LL SEE, MR. ORIGINAL!

THE DOG IN THE NEXT CUBICLE HOWLED ALL THAT NIGHT, BLOSSERING AND SHARLING AND SCRATCHING. GUNNER SHUDDERED. THE DOG WAS A BEAST, NOW... A HUNGER-CRAZED BEAST, AND THE HAMMERING WENT ON...



FOOD! GIVE ME SOME FOOD! PLEASE

DO YOU CALL WHAT YOU'VE BEEN FEEDING US FOOD, MR. ORIGINAL?

DAWN CAME AGAIN AND THE SECOND DAY PASSED. NEXT DOOR, THE DOG WAS FIGHTING WITH ITSELF, THROWING ITSELF AGAINST THE CUBICLE SIDES AND HOWLING MADLY...



BRUTUS WILL KILL ANYONE THAT GETS FOOT IN THERE NOW!

GUNNER HIMSELF WAS HALF-CRAZED WITH HUNGER AS THE THIRD NIGHT CAME. AND THEN, TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, THE HAMMERING STOPPED. THE CELLAR WAS SUDDENLY FLOODED WITH LIGHT. EVEN BRUTUS STOPPED SHARLING IN ANTICIPATION.



THEY'RE... THEY'RE OPENING MY CUBICLE.

THEY STOOD BEFORE HIM... DIRTY, SWEATED, TIRED FROM LONG HOURS OF LABOR... THE INVITED... THE BLIND UNCLENN CARPENTERS. GUNNER BLINKED OUT AT THEM...



COME, MR. ORIGINAL! YOU ARE FREE TO GO!

FOLLOW US, MR. ORIGINAL! WE BUILT THIS JUST FOR YOU! IT LEADS TO THE CELLAR STEPS... AND FREEDOM!



GUNNER STOOD UP AS THEY DARTED OFF. HE COULD HEAR THEIR FOOTSTEPS FADE AS THEY ROUNDED CORNERS AND RAN DOWN LONG CORRIDORS THAT TURNED AND TWISTED AND DOUBLED BACK. GUNNER STARED...

THEY... THEY BUILT A MAZE?  
A PUZZLE? I HAVE TO  
FIGURE IT OUT?

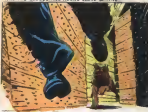


GUNNER LAUGHED TO HIMSELF AS HE STARTED OUT OF HIS CORNERS...

THE EASIEST IF I'M CAREFUL.  
IF I TAKE MY TIME... I'LL  
NEVER HAVE TO TOUCH THE  
WALLS... JUST WALK SLOWLY  
LIKE THIS CAREFUL



HE BRUSHED AGAINST THE RAZOR BLADES, SLASHING HIS FLESH. HE STUMBLED AND GOT UP, RAN ON FRIGID, WILD, DOWN THROUGH THE TWISTING, DOUBLING-BACK MAZE CORRIDORS WITH THE RAZOR-LINED WALLS AND THE SLITHERING HOUND CLOSE BEHIND.



AND THEN GUNNER SAW THE GLEAMING GLITTERING BLIVERS OF STEEL EMBEDDED IN THE MAZE WALLS...

RAZOR BLADES? THE WALLS ARE  
LINED WITH RAZOR BLADES?  
THEY WANT ME TO CUT MYSELF?

NOPE, WH  
GROSS WOULD I  
HARRY?



A SOUND BEHIND GUNNER PROVE  
HIS BLOOD? A GRIN, AND A SOUND  
OF A DOOR SPRING...

SAVING HUNGER-GRAZED  
BROTHER? THEY'VE FREED  
HIM TOO!

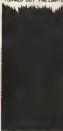


GUNNER BEGAN TO RUN. HE HAD TO  
REACH FREEDOM BEFORE THAT  
STARVED DOG COULD HIM! HE RAN  
DOWN THE TWISTING MAZE CORRI-  
DORS... THE SOUND OF THE LOVING  
SMILING DOG BEHIND HIM

OH, LORD... LORD



AND THEN SOME HOT  
TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS



DOPE? WHO'S TALK, SUN-  
NER? NOW, NOW? DON'T GO TO  
PIECES AFTER ALL? IT'S  
ALMOST LIKE BEING BLIND?  
WELL, KIDDIES. THAT'S MY  
S FORTUNING - STORY FOR THE  
FIRST ISSUE OF G.E.T. NOW  
WAS? NOW IT'S TIME TO CLOSE

THE VAULT  
OF HORROR  
AND TURN YOU  
BACK TO HIM.

AS THE  
DISMEMBERED  
PARTS OF A  
CORPSE SAID  
WHEN THEY WERE  
SHIPPED TO THE  
UNDERTAKERS:  
"WE'LL GET  
TOGETHER  
AGAIN!" SHE?



# GONE TO SEED

It was back-breaking work, but it *had* to be done. Right away, too. He couldn't risk hiding the body of his wife in the cellar any longer . . . one of the farm hands might accidentally stumble over the corpse and start asking mighty dangerous questions. It was urgent, Dan Gret knew, to dispose of Emily right now, in this field he was plowing for spring planting. No sense in leaving a murdered wife around for the law to find!

Dan Gret heard the farm hands chattering over in the next field . . . he'd have to bawl 'em out about all this horsing around on *his* time. But at the moment he was too busy trying to gouge a hole in the ground. At first he'd been worried about the noise his shovel would make as he burrowed into the earth, but that had been taken care of without much trouble. The motor of the idling plow made so much noise that those loafers working for him wouldn't pay him any mind. And the bulk of the machine had been carefully maneuvered into place so that it acted as a shield between him and the overalled men seeding the adjoining acre. Thus, Dan Gret had resolved, was to be a *private* burial!

Dan Gret crouched low, in the shadow of the plow. By stretching out full length, he managed to tug the corpse free behind the grumbling machine and oulge it into the makeshift grave. There would be less than a foot of dirt blanketing Emily's body . . . but as soon as the hired hands got a day off he'd hurry back and dig a good deep hole to house the corpse. Within a few weeks the seeds'd be sprouting and the field would burst into furious bloom. Dan Gret grinned as he patted the last shovelful of dirt into place. Not only

was he getting rid of this devil he'd grown to hate . . . he was also helping to fertilize the coming crop!

He straightened up and surveyed his work with a critical eye. His eyes popped: one of Emily's hands was sticking up out of the soil! He lunged forward . . . and heard, with dread, the sound of voices approaching. Those bums who worked for him were coming across the field in his direction!

Dan Gret sprang toward the droning plow. If he could move the machine sideways just a few feet . . . set it directly over Emily's body . . . the danger of the moment could be averted. He turned once, to look back at the tell-tale mound . . . and his foot slid out from under him. His arms flailed the air frantically as he tried to regain his balance: his hand crashed sharply against the gear lever. The plow started immediately to swing in a rumbling circle, because of the way he had cramped the steering wheel. In motionless horror he saw the glittering blades bearing down on him!

Dan Gret screeched in alarm. Then the razor-sharp metal slashed through his flesh . . . the ponderous steel crunched over his writhing body . . . the huge wheels ground over him so that he was drenched in his own gushing blood.

By the time the farm hands reached him, Dan Gret was slashed almost beyond recognition. With gaping wonder the hired men stared down at Dan Gret's corpse . . . buried alongside that of his wife Emily, in the gory, blood-spattered grave. It was a real family plot!

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

# PIRACY



BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY* AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF GENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-LUBBERS!), TO:

STAGE	DESCRIPTION
1	Initial assessment and planning
2	Establishing a baseline
3	Implementing the intervention
4	Evaluating the intervention
5	Dissemination and sustainability

10

**A POINT OF ORDER! IF YOU'RE EXPECTING E.C.'S NEWEST HORROR MAG TO BE BETTER THAN TALES FROM THE CRYPT, THE VAULT OF HORROR, AND THE HAUNT OF FEAR, YOU'LL BE SADLY DISAPPOINTED! IT'S ONLY JUST AS GOOD!**



**INVESTIGATE** YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND FOR THE FIRST "JUST-AS-GOOD" ISSUE! HOWEVER IF YOU'RE TIED UP WITH RED TAPE (ADHESIVE, THAT IS!) AND YOU'D RATHER **SUBSCRIBE**, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IN, TOGETHER WITH AN **UNDOCTORED PHOTO** OF GEORGE WASHINGTON ON A \$1.00 BILL YOU'LL RECEIVE 8 **UNCROPPED** ISSUES IN THE MAIL.

THE CRYPT-KEEPER  
ROOM 106  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

HERE'S MY BUCK. SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF YOUR NEWEST MAG, **THE CRYPT OF TERROR**.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

HERE'S HOW ONE FAILURE TURNED HIS MISERABLE LIFE INTO A HORRIBLE...

# SUCCESS STORY



THE POLICE SURGEON INSERTED THE HOLLOW NEEDLE INTO ELMER'S ARM AND SECONDS LATER THE SOORUM PENTATHAL SOLUTION WAS FLOWING INTO HIS BLOODSTREAM, TAKING ITS EFFECT. ELMER'S SHRILL MANICUAL LAUGHTER FAGED INTO A WHEDDING SARR. THE PABID FURY OF HIS CONVULSIVE STRUGGLING SURSIED INTO HELPLESS EXHAUSTION. THE THREE BRANWY POLICEMEN RELEASED THEIR HOLD THEN, AND MOPPED THEIR SWEAT-BEADED BROWNS. ELMER PRESTON SLUMPED LIMPLY ON THE SHABBY SOFA, HIS FLACID FACE CHANGED TO A YELLO-BREENISH HUE. HIS USUALLY SOFT, LIQUID-BROWN EYES WERE SLAZED AND STARRING BOW. HE STARTED TO SPEAK, WITHOUT EMOTION, IN A GOWERING MONOTONE...



ELMER'S FACE TOOK ON A THOUGHTFUL EXPRESSION AND HIS EYES SHADED OVER WITH A DISTANT LOOK, HAUNTED WITH MEMORIES OF THE PAST. HE BOMED DEEPLY, THEN SPOKE AGAIN IN A COLORLESS DRONING VOICE...



"MAYBE WE COULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY TOGETHER IN OUR LITTLE APARTMENT... IDA AND I. BUT ONE EVENING HER FOLKS CAME TO DINNER. HER FATHER WAS ALL TENSE, BURSTING WITH NEWS THAT HE FINALLY EXPLODED ON ME AT DINNER. . .



CH. Chatterbox



I SHOULD HAVE SAID, "NO THANK  
YOU", BUT I CAN NO HIDDEN TRAP  
AT THE MOMENT, AND WHEN, EXCUSE  
GOOD WILL, MR. WALLACE OFFERED  
ME HIS HAND, I GRASPED IT GRATE-  
FULLY...



'NOW THAT I THINK BACK, IT SEEMS  
THAT DA MUST HAVE KNOWN ALL  
THE TIME. BUT THAT NIGHT, SHE HAD  
TO HER FATHER, THREW HER ARMS  
AROUND HIS NECK, AND WEPT FOR  
JOY...



'FOR AN ECCENTRIC TWO WEEKS, MA, AND I HAD  
HUNTED. WE FOUND THIS PLACE... SMALL, COMFORTA-  
BLE, A DREAM COTTAGE. THE DOWN PAYMENTS FURNISH-  
ING THE PLACE EMPTIED MY BANK ACCOUNT, BUT I  
WAS DELIGHTFULLY HAPPY. THE SUNDAY AFTER WE MOVED  
IN, THE WALLACES CAME TO SEE OUR NEW...



'I WAS BEING TAKEN FOR A WELL-PLANNED RIDE...  
AND MY LOVING BRIDE HAD THE STEERING WHEEL IN HER  
OWN LITTLE CLUTCHING HANDS...



'THAT WAS THE FIRST PAINFUL RUMBLING OF THE TEM-  
PEST YET TO COME. THE WALLACES SANK UP THEIR  
APARTMENT AND MOVED IN WITH US. MA WAS A MOST  
GENEROUS DAUGHTER...



"TEMPORARY, SHE SAID! BUT BEFORE I KNOW IT, THEY'VE BEEN THERE FIVE WEEKS. I COULD JUST ABOUT MANAGE TO MEET MY BILLS, IF THERE WEREN'T OTHER DEMANDS ON MY SMALL INCOME.



"AFTER MR. WALLACE GOT HIS T.V. SET, MR. WALLACE HAD A REQUEST:



IDA SPOKE BITTERLY AND LOVELY...LOUD ENOUGH FOR HER PARENTS TO HEAR. THEY ACCEPTED IT AS AN INVITATION TO JOIN HER PIERCE MANAGERS...



"MONTHS WENT BY, MY BLUNDER WHEN AND WHEEDLED UPON ME LIKE A MILLSTONE. ONE DAY I FOUND THE COURAGE TO TALK TO IDA...



"THE CORNERS OF IDA'S MOUTH DROPPED, AND HER EYES WERE COLD AND HARD...PIERCING ME THROUGH AS SHE SPOKE...



"DRIVEN MORE BY DESPERATION AND DEBT THAN BY THEIR BORN, I FINALLY GATHERED THE COURAGE TO ASK MY BOSS, MR. BENTLEY, FOR A RAISE. BUT THE MINUTE I ENTERED HIS PLUSH OFFICE...



"I HAD UNCOVERED A GEM BY COMPLAINING AGAINST IDA'S POLICE, AND FROM THAT DAY ON, A SPITEFUL TORRENT OF CRITICISM FLOODED THROUGH THE FLOODGATES AT ME..."

"HOW COULD I TELL THEM MR BENTLY HAD MORE THAN REFUSED ME A RAISE? THEY SAID HE NO PEACE, FROM THE MOMENT I CAME HOME FROM WORK..."



WHAT ABOUT THAT RAISE I TOLD YOU TO ASK FOR, ELMER? WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET ENOUGH NERVE?

ASK FOR? YOU DON'T ASK FOR A RAISE? YOU DEMAND IT? THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET AHEAD... BY DEMANDING...



WELL, ELMER, HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT? DID YOU TELL THEM MORE OF YOURS TO COME ACROSS OR GET A NEW BOY?

I TOLD HIM NOT TO WORRY WALLACE. NOBODY TALKS THAT WAY TO MR. BENTLY!

"...AND I'D ALWAYS GET THE SAME RESPONSE..."

"EVERY MEAL BECAME A NIGHT-MARE, FROM THE TIME I'D SIT DOWN..."

"I'D FORCE MYSELF TO EAT, AND THE PASTELIKE FOOD WOULD SOAR ON THE WAY DOWN..."



WELL, DIDN'T... GOOD LORD, MAN? DON'T YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD IN THIS WORLD?!



YOU'RE A FAILURE, ELMER! I CAN'T STAND A FAILURE!

ALL MY LIFE I FIGHTED TO GET AHEAD...



DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH, HERBERT! YOU CAN'T TURN A JELLY-FISH INTO A TIGER SHARK, I ALWAYS SAY!

"SUDDENLY THERE'D BE A VIOLENT CHURNING IN THE PIT OF MY STOMACH AND I'D HAVE TO RUN FROM THE ROOM..."

"I'D WALK IT TO THE BATHROOM, MOST OF THE TIME... AND ALL BUT HEAVE UP MY INSIDES..."



SO DON'T RUN! IF I WERE IN YOUR SHOES, I WOULDN'T WANT TO HEAR THE TRUTH ABOUT MYSELF... EITHER!

BEE? YOU TRY TO TELL HIM SOMETHING FOR HIS OWN GOOD AND HE RUNS OFF IN A HUFF! HE'S INSULTED!

WELL, DIDN'T... GOOD LORD, MAN? DON'T YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD IN THIS WORLD?!



YOU MARRIED A REAL LEMON, IDA!

HE'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING!

OH, DON'T...



"NOW DID THE THUNDER STOP WHEN WE WENT TO BED. IDA WOULD HAD ME TELL SHE WAS HOARSE, AND I'D COVER MY HEAD WITH MY PILLOW, BUT I'D STILL HEAR."

ONLY SIXTY-SEVEN MISERABLE DOLLARS A WEEK... IN THESE DAYS. I'M ASHAMED FOR MOTHER AND DADDY TO KNOW... BUT OF COURSE THEY DO KNOW. THEY KNOW THE KIND OF CLOTHES I WEAR... THEY SEE THE FURNITURE... THREADBARE... JUNK!

PLEASE... IDA! IT'S LATE.



"WHEN I'D HEARD ALL I COULD STAND, I'D HURRY FROM THE LIVING ROOM."

NEVER MIND, MOTHER! FROM NOW ON, I'LL DO THE BUYING! WE CAN'T AFFORD MUCH, MAYBE, BUT WHAT WE DO GET WILL BE THE BEST!



'EVER A LOOKED DOOR WAS NO GUARANTEE OF PRIVACY.

ARE YOU GOING TO STAY IN THERE ALL NIGHT, ELMER? LISTEN... ABOUT THE TV SET! I WAS DOWNTOWN TODAY, TALKING TO A DEALER ABOUT A TRADE-IN ON A LARGER SCREEN, AND...



"SO THE MONTHS DROGGED INTO YEARS AND THE WALLACES STAYED ON WITH US... BASSING ME, HOUSING... COMPLAINING... ALWAYS COMPLAINING..."

YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU BOUGHT THAT WASHING MACHINER? I TOLD YOU IT DIDN'T PAY TO BUY CHEAP! WELL, IT'S READY FOR THE JUNKHEAP!

IT WON'T SET LONELY THERE, BELIEVE ME. IT'LL HAVE THAT STINKING TWELVE-INCH-SCREEN T.V. SET FOR COMPANY.



'I WAS TOO TIMID TO ADMIT IT TO MYSELF THEN, BUT I'D COME TO HATE IDA AND HER MOTHER AND FATHER. I'D BE SHAVING IN THE MORNING AND MY WIFE WOULD COME IN AND THE DAY'S WASHING WOULD BEGIN..."

I DON'T SEE WHY DADDY SHOULD HAVE TO KEEP POUNDING IT INTO YOU! YOU SHOULD WANT TO GET AHEAD YOURSELF, ELMER.



"THIS MORNING, AS ALWAYS, WE SAT AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE AND I LISTENED TO THEM TALKING, TALKING... AND HEARD, THE STORM GATHERED. I COULD HEAR IT RUMBLING..."

A MAN WITHOUT AMBITION IS A WALKING CORPSE, ELMER! I KNOW I'M REPEATING MYSELF, BUT TRY TO BE A SUCCESS. TRY, ELMER. ELMER? YOU LISTENING?

MOM! ONLY YES, YES, I'LL TRY!



"AND TODAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I DIDN'T GO TO WORK. I WANDERED AROUND THE STREETS, WONDERING WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME... LISTENING TO THE STORM THUNDERING IN THE DISTANCE, COMING CLOSER... CLOSER... READY TO BREAK AT ANY MOMENT..."

WHY DON'T I GET AHEAD? EVERYBODY ELSE DOES! I'VE GOT TO! I'VE... HEH HEH... I'VE... EN-JEE...



"WHEN I GOT HOME THAT NIGHT, LATE FOR DINNER, THEY JUST STARED AT ME...IDA AND MR. WALLACE AND MRS. WALLACE. THE STORM RUMBLED AROUND...THREATENING...THREATENING TO BREAK...THENE...IN MY THROBBING HEAD...AND I JUST STARED BACK AT THEM..."



"WELL?"

"IT'S ABOUT FINE!"

"WHERE WERE YOU TODAY? MR. BENTLEY CALLED!"

"THEN, SUDDENLY, THE STORM TORE LOOSE...HOWLING, SCREAMING-BLACK AROUND ME...THUNDERING...WILD TEMPEST-FURY AND ABOVE THE STORM, THEIR VOICES...THEIR RASTY VOICES..."



"IS THAT THE WAY TO TRY TO GET AHEAD...STAY HOME FROM WORK?"

"YOU SAID YOU'D TRY TO GET AHEAD, ELMER!"

"WHY CAN'T YOU GET AHEAD, ELMER?"

"I RAN OUT...BUT NOT TO THE BATH-ROOM THIS TIME. I RAN TO THE KITCHEN...THROUGH THE RAGING STORM, I CAME BACK WITH THE MEAT CLEAVER..."



"ELMER!"

"THE STORM SHRINKED IN MY BRAIN. WHITE BLINDING LIGHTNING FLASHES EXPLODED. THE BLACK FURY TURNED RED, RED, SPURTING RED AS I RAISED THE CLEAVER..."



"ELMER!"

"YAAA...AAH..."

ELMER PRESTON STARED STRAIGHT AHEAD, SMILING. THE WILD GLEAM RETURNED TO HIS EYES, AND HE CHOKED OUT MORE WORDS BETWEEN SHORT, HIGH-PITCHED BURSTS OF LAUGHTER...



"SO YOU SEE, I...EH, EH...DID GET AHEAD, EH, EH...AFTER ALL?"

AND SLOWLY, THE POLICEMEN FOLLOWED ELMER'S WILD GAZE TO THE DINNER TABLE...TO THE MEAT PLACE SETTINGS...AND THE PLATES WITH THEIR MARCHING PARS STANDING BACK AT THEM...



"I...EH, EH...I NOT ONLY GOT A HEAD...I...EH, EH...I GOT THREE HEADS!"

"YEAH, PRESTON! CHUCK...WE SEE"

"YOU WERE A REAL SUGGER, PRESTON!"



HEH, HEH. A TRIPLE HEADER, EH, HIGHEST SO, IDA AND HER FOLKS DROVE ELMER BATS, BUT THEY WENT OUT ON STRINGS...IN ONE, TWO, THREE GREEN...ALL RIGHT OVER THE PLATE. WELL, THE GAME'S OVER NOW, CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF MENTAL STORM! AND YOU AND I WILL TAKE A BASH-ONCE TILL NEXT WE MEET. HOPE YOU LIKED MY NEW MAN, NOW THE OLD WITCH AWAITS TO WIND UP THE PRESIDENTIALTIES. THIS IS YOUR DRAFT-KEEPER, SIDDING YOU GOOD-BYE AND WISHING YOU NOTHING BUT THE BEST...RIGHTBARES!"

# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE-HEE! AND NOW IT'S WIND-UP SPOT IN C.K.'S NEW CREEPS COMIC, AND YOUR DRIVER-CHEF, THE OLD WITCH, IS READY TO STIR UP HER GROSSY CAULDRON AND LAKE OUT A LURID LITERARY LUNCHEON. THIS TASTY TALE OF TERROR-FREMORE IS TOLD BY ONE TONY BARRETT. LISTEN, NOW, AS HE SARFS OUT THE DELIRIUM DISH HE CALLS...

## TATTER UP!



DELIRIUM

MET I'M TONY BARRETT. I'M NOT A BAD-LOOKIN' BUT I'M FOUNG, FOD THIRTY-FOUR. OHAY, SO NOW COME I COULD SIT AROUND ON A HOT-REDDIN' COUCH, HOLDIN' HANDS WITH A SHAGGLE-TOOTHED HAG NAMED FANNY OGDEN. *HOW COME I COULD STAND* THE MILDLY-YELLOWED WALL PAPERS... THE CRACKED CEILING... THE WHOLE HOUSE STINKIN' LIKE THE MOUTH OF A DUG-UP COFFIN... AND THE STINK OF FANNY HERSELF? YEAH, *THAT'S RIGHT!* YOU GOT THE PICTURE FANNY OGDEN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE *LEADIN'!*...

I... I BEEN MEANN' T' ASK YOU, FANNY. I JUST DON'T KNOW *HOW!* I... I BEEN MEANN' T' ASK YOU IF YOU'LL MARRY ME!

OH, TONY! I'VE BEEN PRAYIN' YOU'D ASK ME... *DREAMIN' OF IT...* BUT NEVER REALLY BELIEVIN' YOU WOULD! OH, YES, TONY! YES! I WILL MARRY YOU!



SURE I WANTED THAT WOOLGONE WITCH FOR A WIFE. I WANTED TO MARRY THE HUNDRED GRAND FORTUNE TO HEARD ABOUT. THE DOOM HER FIRST HUSBAND HAD LEFT HER, THE MISERABLE WIDOW WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE *EVERY LAST CENT* OF IT. *NO, THERE,* IN THAT FOUL-SMELLIN' FILTHY HOUSE...

THEN I QUINN...CHOSE THIS CALLS FOR A KISS!

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE BEEN KISSED, TONY!



WELL, I'LL STOP THE OBSCUREST DETAILS EXCEPT TO SAY THAT FANNY BECAME MRS. TOMMY BARRETT, AND I STARTED HITTING THE BOTTLE TO BRACE MYSELF AGAINST LIVING WITH HER...



AREN'T YOU COMING UP, MONEY-BURN? IT'S LATE...

YOU GO AHEAD, FANNY! I'LL BE UP IN AN HOUR OR SO. DON'T WAIT UP.

TROUBLE WITH DINNER? WAS IT USED TO GET ME DOWN, IT'D WORRIE. I'D WORRY REAL BAD...



MAYBE THERE **AIN'T** NO COOKIN, MAYBE I GOT A **BUR STEER** FROM THE **BUT** THAT **FOLD ME**

AFTER THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, I GOT REAL DISGUSTED. THERE WAS NO HINT OF THE BOON.



I'M BEGINNIN' T' THINK I'VE BEEN A **DOCKER**, SADDLEIN' MYSELF WITH A **DRICK-UP** WITHERED **EXCUSE** FOR A **FEMALE**. I'LL **WAKE UP** ONE DAY AND FIND OUT THERE **AIN'T** NO HUNDRED S'S WELL, IN A **PIR'S** STE I WILL!

SO I WENT UP INTO THE BEDROOM WHERE FANNY SAT WITH THAT STRABBLED WOP OF HERB UP IN CURLERS. BUT I DIDN'T LOOK AT FANNY THERE. I HEADED FOR THE CLOSET...FOR MY SUITCASE.



FANNY IS THERE SOMETHING **WROUNG**?

FEAR, BABY! YOU AND ME! I'M **CLEARIN'** OUT.

I BOUNCED MY SUITCASE ONTO THE BED AND TOSSED MY CLOTHES INTO IT. MY BRIDE JUMPED UP LIKE A BEE'D STUNG HER, AND SHE THREW HER SNEY ARM AROUND ME.



TOMMY! PLEASE! DON'T LEAVE ME! PLEASE DON'T!

WE MADE A MISTAKE! FORGET IT! FORGET ME, FANNY!

TOMMY I **KNOW** I'M **UGLY**. UGLY AND OLD. BUT I'M **WICK**. I NEVER TOLD YOU, DID I? I'VE GOT A LOT OF **MONEY**. AND I **LOVE** YOU, TOMMY... AS MUCH AS I CAN. YOU'RE **HANDSOME**. **YOUNG**. I HAVE JUST A **FEW** YEARS LEFT. STAY WITH ME AND MAKE THEM **HAPPY** YEARS, DEAR, AND WHEN I'M **GONE**, ALL THAT **MONEY** WILL BE **YOURS**!

OHAY, BABY! DRAFT YOU TALKED ME INTO IT!



WELL, IT TURNED OUT THERE **WAS** MONEY AFTER ALL. THE **GUYS** WERE **RIGHT**. SO I DID MY **BEST** TO MAKE FANNY **HAPPY**. I **STAYED**. BUT I WONDERED WHAT SHE **LIVED ON**, IF SHE NEVER **SPENT** ANY OF HER **DOWRY**, AND ONE DAY, I FOUND OUT...



WAS **WAS** **WAS** AT NO...

YOU! THE **GUYS** I **WENT**! THE **GUYS** THAT **TOLD** ME ABOUT HER...

I'M A **RABBIT**!  
MRS. OGDEN IS  
ALWAYS SELLING  
ME HER OLD  
RAGS...



MRS. OGDEN IS  
MRS. **BARRETT**  
NOW, MOTHER.  
MY **WIFE**? DON'T  
YOU **REMEMBER**  
WHY YOU **TOLD**  
ME ABOUT HER...

YOU HAVE A **NICE**  
**WIFE**, SIR. SHE'S  
VERY **GOOD** TO ME.  
SHE ALWAYS HAS  
**RAGS** TO **SELL**  
ME. I'M A  
**RABBIT**...



MAYBE I'M  
**WRONG** BUT  
I COULD  
**BREAK** IT  
WAS FOR  
I MET THAT  
NIGHT...

BUT AT THAT **MOMENT**, **FANNY** **TRUM-  
BLED** DOWN THE **STAIRS** WITH A **LOAD**  
OF OLD **RAGS**... MEN'S **SUITS**...  
WOMEN'S **DRESSES**, **KIDS'** **CLOTHES**.  
THE **RABBIT** **CRINED** LIKE AN  
IDOT WHEN HE **SAW** THEM...



**FINE**, MRS. **BARRETT**! **SEVEN**  
**PENT** **FINES**! YOU  
GET **SEVEN** **DOL-  
LARS** FOR **THESE**!  
**SEVEN**  
**SUITS**...  
FOR **THAT** **OLD**  
**LARDERET**  
**WOM!**

THE OLD CREEP STOPPED COLD AND GAVE ME A  
FIGHT STARE, LIKE I'D INSULTED HIM. FANNY  
TRIED TO COVER UP...



TONY DON'T  
MEAN ANY-  
THING. HE  
JUST **DON'T**  
**UNDERSTAND**

**FEAR**, MA.  
**NO** **HARD**  
**FEELINGS**!  
IF YOU **WANT**  
**TO** **OVERPAK**  
IT'S **YOUR**  
**BUSINESS**...

YOUR **WIFE** **HAS**  
**BEEN** **GOOD** **TO**  
ME... **AND** **I** **TRY**  
**TO** **BE** **GOOD** **TO**  
**HER**. **HERE** **YOU**  
**SIR**, MRS. **OGD-**  
MRS. **BARRETT**!

NICE, RIGHT? BEIN' MARRIED TO AN OLD RAG-PICKER  
ENOUGH! NOW I HAD TO FIND OUT SHE WAS A  
RAG-PICKER BESIDES. THAT WAS THE LAST  
STRAW. I'D MADE UP MY MIND WHEN FANNY  
ANNOUNCED AFTER LUNCH...



I'M GOING **OUT** **BEAR**  
**DONT** **BE** **TOO** **LOVELY**  
**WHILE** **I'M** **GONE!**

**FEAR** **FANNY**  
**WOM!**

AFTER THE **RABBIT** PAID **FANNY**, HE LEFT. I FELT PRETTY  
SHOR INSIDE... YOU CAN IMAGINE...



WHAT'S WITH THIS **RAG**  
**BUSINESS**, **BAST**? **WHERE**  
**DO** **YOU** **GET** **THEM**?

WHY I **PICK** **THEM** **UP**,  
TONY... **HERE** **AND**  
**THERE**...

FANNY DIDN'T SAY WHAT SHE WAS GOIN' OUT FOR, BUT I KNEW  
IT WAS TO DO SOME RAG-PICKIN'. WELL, THAT WAS OKAY WITH  
ME. THAT GAVE ME TIME TO RUMMAGE THROUGH THE RUBBLE  
CRUMMED UP IN AFTER SOME PORN'S OWN OWN...



I GOT TO **FIND** **THAT** **DOUGH**! I GOT TO **FIND** **THAT**  
**DOUGH** **AND** **GET** **AWAY**! ME, **MARRIED** **TO** **A** **TOAD-FACED**  
**RAG-PICKER**! I'LL **GO** **HUNT** **IF** **I** **HAVE** **T'** **KEEP** **ON**  
**LIVIN'** **WITH** **HER!**

I TURNED THAT OTTIC UPSIDE DOWN BUT IT WAS NO SOAP. I DIDN'T FIND A THING.



IT'S GOT TO BE IN THE HOUSE SOMEWHERE! YOU JUST DON'T KNOW A HUNDRED BRAND IN A HOUSEHOLE! I'LL FIND IT IF...

TONY! WHERE ARE YOU TONY?

IT WAS FANNIE SCALLIN' ME. I WENT DOWN AND GOT NAUSEOUS LOOKIN' AT HER...THAT PATCHED AND FADED DRESS...THE TWO DIFFERENT COLORED COTTON STOCKING'S...AND ON HER FEET...NO KIDDIN'!...SHE HAD A BIRTY SACK STUFFED FULL OVER HER SHOULDER...



LOOKS LIKE HUNTY WAS PRETTY GOOD TODAY, FANNY. HOW MUCH YOU GOT 'TIGHT BUCKS WORTH, MABE TEN?

WHERE WERE YOU TONY?

I COULDN'T STAND THE MESS AROUND THIS HOUSE ANY MORE, SO I STARTED CLEANIN' UP, IN THE ATTIC.

IN THE ATTIC? OH, WELL. THAT'S NICE.



FANNY DIDN'T SEEM DISTURBED ABOUT ME WORKIN' AROUND UP IN THE ATTIC, SO I FIGURED THAT'S NOT WHERE THE HUNDRED B'S WAS STASHED AWAY. I WAS ALL ON EDGE WAITIN' FOR HER TO GO OUT AGAIN BE'F I COULD START LOOKIN' SOMEWHERE ELSE. BUT FIRST THE BABMAN TURNED UP.



I COULD SWEAR HE'S THE SAME GUY THAT TOLD ME ABOUT FANNY.

SUCH NICE RASS, MRS. BARNETT. SUCH BEAU-TIFUL RASS.

AFTER A WHILE I GOT MAD AND RIPPED OPEN THE MATTRESS ON THE OLD MARRIED BED. I WAS SO BUSY, I DIDN'T HEAR FANNY SNEAK UPSTAIRS AND CREEP INTO THE ROOM LIKE A SCRAWNY OLD CAT. BUT SINCE ONLY I FELT HER THERE...



FANNY... I...

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE STILL CLEANIN' UP, TONY.

FINALLY FANNY LEFT WITH HER RABBACK, AND I WENT TO WORK ON ONE OF THE UPSTAIRS ROOMS, PERLIN' THROUGH BATTERED MOTH-EATEN FURNITURE, FLOWIN' THROUGH THE TRASH-STUFFED CLOSET...



IT'LL TAKE ME MONTHS TO FIND THAT COUGH - A FEAR, MAYBE... UNLESS I'M LUCKY.

I COULD TELL SHE KNEW WHAT I WAS UP TO, 'CAUSE SHE HAD A SMILE INSIDE THAT BLINDED THROUGH HER EYES. SHE WAS LAUGHIN' IN HER BUTS 'CAUSE I COULDN'T FIND HER HOUND, AND IT MADE ME MAD...



FEAR, THAT'S WHAT I'M DOIN'... CLEANIN' UP THIS FILTHY PESTER! MAYBE YOU DON'T LIKE THAT.

I SAID I'M GLAD, HONEY...

THAT'S HOW IT WENT FOR WEEKS. EVERY DAY THAT BARMAN CAME AND GOT PRACTICALLY DELIRIOUS OVER SOME FOLL. BACK MY WIFE SOLD



AND EVERY DAY, AFTER SHE WENT OUT BORDOWIN' THROUGH LONG-KNOWN WHAT TRASH FOR RAGS, I PLUNGED INTO MY TREASURE HUNT...



AND SEE'D COME BACK... KNOWIN' WHAT I WAS UP TO, BUT I DIDN'T GIVE A HANG EXCEPT THAT SHE WAS ALL THE TIME LAUGHIN' AT ME AND IT'D GET ALL CHOSED UP WITH HATE FOR HER...



FINALLY I COULDN'T TAKE IT NO MORE. I COULDN'T STAND FANNIE GIVIN ME THE HORSE-LAUGH. I COULDN'T STAND LOOKIN' AT HER. SO ONE DAY, I WENT DOWN THE CELLAR AND STARTED DIGGIN'... BUT NOT FOR HER MONEY.



AND WHEN SHE GOT HOME THAT DAY, I LISTENED TO HER CALL ME, BUT I DIDN'T ANSWER. I MADE SOME NOISE AND WAITED...



FANNIE LOOKED AT ME REAL COLD LIKE AND WHISPERED SARCASMATICALLY...



FANNY COULD SEE BY MY FACE I WAS LEVELIN'. IT WAS LIKE SHE'D NEVER EXPECTED THIS TURN OF EVENTS, SHE LET OUT A LITTLE GIGGLE AND STARTED TO RUN. I WOUND THE RICK HARD.



THE PICK HOOKED HER DEEP IN HER BACK AND SHE HIT THE CELLAR FLOOR LIKE AN OULD LOG THEN I WENT TO WORK ON THAT FACE ... THAT ANWLL MELT FACE. IT WAS JUST SOMETHIN' I HAD TO DO JUNE I WAS SETTER' EVEN FOR HAVIN' DEGRADED MYSELF BY MAKIN' LOVE TO IT ALL THOSE MONTHS...

UH UHH UHHH UHHHH



I WAS OBTAINED FROM WHAT I'D DONE SO I GOT THE PAY EARLY THAT NIGHT AND SLEPT UNTIL I HEARD A

LOOK, PAL. MY WIFE  
TOOK OFF ON A LONG  
TRIP SHE WON'T BE  
BACK FOR A COUPLE  
OF WEEKS COME BACK  
TODAY PLEASE

1. **DATE**  
 2. **FROM**  
 3. **TO**  
 4. **RE**



AND TO TOP IT ALL OFF, THAT CRUMMY CREEP LEFT  
EOMM' BACK, TELLING MORRIS I FLIPPED MY LIP.

I'VE BEEN *OVER* THIS GUMP FROM  
AFFIX TO CELLAR! I GAVE YOU  
EVERY RAG I COULD FIND! I  
GOT NO MORE RAGS! NOW,  
FOR GOD'S SAKE, LEAVE ME  
ALONE!

I WAS READY TO BLAM THE DOOR IN HIS FACE BUT, JUST TO GET AROUND THE PETE, I CRANDED DOWN SOME

THESE AREN'T ANY OF MY FAVORITE. GARNETT CAN'T PUT TOGETHER A TEAM.

FORGET IT  
I'LL TAKE  
YOU... AS A  
GIFT NOW.  
GO AWAY  
AND DON'T  
BOther  
me!



AFTER I FINISHED I CLIMBED HIS BLOODY BODY INTO THE  
GRAVE AND COVERED THE WHOLE THING OVER WITH SOIL

Will, want I want you again and get  
 Tell I am I am not



**I SPENT DAYS COMBIN' THROUGH THE REST OF THE HOUSE. I EVEN TOOK UP THE KITCHEN, SMASHED MASHY-BUSH-OLLS, GROUND-OLLS, COMBOLLS. IT WAS GETTIN' ME DOWN. *Continued***

IT'S JOF TO BE HERE...  
SOMEWHERE? IT'S JOF  
FO? I CAN'T GUT? I  
CAN'T.



Now I'm a guy with a strong conscience, so what with the Russian murdering me and Fanny Latin' dead in the cellar, I couldn't sleep tonight, around midnight or so, I heard a noise in the house. I got a run out of my suitcase and went downstairs for a look.





I TOLD YOU I GOT NO MORE BASS! NOW...

BUT YOU DO? "NICE BASS!" THE CLOTHES ON HIM!

SHE NEEDED MORE THAN I COULD GIVE HER... SOMEONE YOUNG... SOMEONE LIKE YOU? THAT'S WHY I TOLD YOU ABOUT HER MONEY! I WANTED HER TO BE HAPPY!

DIE! I SHOT YOU SIX TIMES! DIE ALREADY!

"YOU'RE NOT HUMAN? YOU'RE NOT? THERE'S NO BLOOD? YOU'RE NOT EVEN FLESH AND BONE?"

"OF COURSE NOT, MR. BARRETT."

RAGS? YOU'RE NOTHING BUT SHORE RAGS!

THAT'S WHY I SENT YOU TO HER! SHE NEEDED MORE THAN WE! I LOVED HER...

STARTING NOW AND FROM NOW, I HEAR A FUNNY RING OF MUSIC IN MY HEAD AND LAUGHING... I HEAR FUNNY LAUGHING...



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*Yours*  
**FREE!**

B. J. Stuart,  
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*Mail Now!*

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# PAPERCUTZ

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PALIN-FREE NINTH ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

## TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN,  
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WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"CHICKEN MAN"

JOHN L. LANSOALE  
WRITER

JAMES ROMBERGER &  
MARGUERITE VAN COOK  
ARTISTS

MARK LERER  
LETTERER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"GLASS HEADS"

FRED VAN LENTE  
WRITER

RYAN DUNLAVEY  
ARTIST

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP  
WRITER

RICK PARKER  
ARTIST/TITLE LETTERER/COLOR

MARK LERER  
LETTERER

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THE OLD EDITOR

Caricatures by Rick Parker.

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**TERROR**



NO. 9  
ALL-NEW!



# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

IN THIS ISSUE:  
**"CHICKEN MAN"**  
BY LANSDALE & ROMBERGER!



\$3.95 US

09



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

WELCOME BACK, BOORS AND GHOULS, TO THE NEW AND IMPROVED CRYPT OF TERROR FEATURING MY CAULDRON OF CHILLS! IF YOU WERE EXPECTING THE DECREPIT CRYPT-KEEPER AND THE VAGUOUS VAULT-KEEPER TO GREET YOU, THEY'RE HELPING ME COOK UP A REAL POT-BOILER FOR YOU!

»GLASPY GLUGGI  
CHOKES!«

QUET!

**BONK!**

PESKY  
INGREDIENTS! BUT  
WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT  
WHEN YOU'RE COOKING UP  
CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE  
HORROR FAN?

AND IT'S  
NOT **BE** GETTING CHICKENS!  
JUST ASK WILL BENOER,  
BETTER KNOWN AS...

**CHICKEN  
MAN**





TAKE MY WOOD  
FOR IT I'LL SELL  
YOU A DOZEN FOR A  
HUNDRED DOLLARS  
A PIECE.



YOU THINK NEO  
STUPID, MAN? NO WAY  
I PAY YOU THAT KIND OF  
MONEY. I GO SEE OLD  
MAN SMITH. HE SELL ME  
CHICKENS FOR FIVE  
DOLLARS A PIECE.



NOT ANYMORE,  
I BOUGHT HIM OUT.  
THESE ARE THE ONLY  
LIVE CHICKENS WITHIN  
A HUNDRED MILES  
OF HERE.

MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD HAVE  
STAYED IN HAITI  
-TAKE IT OR  
LEAVE IT.

HAHAHA  
HA HA HA

OKAY, I TAKE ALL OF THEM, MAN. MAGIC DON'T WORK WITHOUT THEM. I FIX YOU LATER.



THAT VOODOO NONSENSE DON'T WORK ANYWAY.

WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE JUST HOODWINKING PEOPLE. I DON'T CARE THOUGH, EVERYBODY HAS TO MAKE A BUCK.



YOU KNOW NOTHING. I WOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WHAT I SAY, WILL GENDER.

YOU MAY REGRET IT. PUT THE CHICKENS ON MY TRUCK.















BOY, I COULD USE  
SOME EASY MONEY  
LIKE THAT MY OLD EX-  
LADY IS PUSHING ME  
FOR ALIMONY.

THERE'S  
MORE IF YOU  
SHOT THE BACK-  
BONE FOR IT. HELP  
ME GET IT AND  
I'LL SPLIT IT  
WITH YOU.



I'M ABOUT  
READY FOR ANY-  
THING. THE WAY  
THAT WOMAN'S  
HOUNDING  
ME.



I SAW THE  
MONEY THIS AFTER-  
NOON. YOU GOT  
A GUN?

YEAH, I GOT A  
GUN. THIRTY-EIGHT  
MY OLD MAN  
GAVE ME.

I KEEP IT HID  
SO MY PAROLE  
OFFICER DON'T  
KNOW.















THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT  
I'M GOING TO DO, IF  
YOU DON'T COME UP  
WITH THAT MONEY



















GO HOME?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT?  
IT'S ONLY  
MIDNIGHT!

FORGET IT,  
CHANDLER. THOSE  
OF US WITHOUT TRUST  
FUNDS HAVE TO GO  
TO WORK IN THE  
MORNING.

YEAH,  
CHANDLER.  
WHEN ARE YOU  
GOING TO DECIDE  
THERE ACTUALLY  
IS SOMETHING  
YOU WANT TO  
DO WITH YOUR  
LIFE?



NOW THAT'S  
JUST NOT FAIR.  
I KNOW EXACTLY  
WHAT I'M DOING FOR  
AT LEAST TWELVE  
HOURS OF EVERY  
DAY.

OF COURSE.  
THAT'S SLEEPING.  
BUT...

YEEESH!  
YOU'RE A  
DISGRACE TO  
RICH KIDS  
EVERYWHERE.  
YOU KNOW  
THAT?



A  
DISGRACE.  
HULL.

THERE'S  
A PURPOSE I  
MIGHT ACTUALLY  
BE ABLE TO GET  
INTO...

YOU.

PLEASE.

A comic book panel showing a woman with blonde hair and a purple dress in a diner. She is surrounded by a glowing blue aura and has her hands raised. The diner has green walls, four black pendant lights, a brown booth with tables on the left, and tables with chairs on the right. Three speech bubbles contain her dialogue.

HELP ME.

IF YOU  
CAN HEAR ME,  
PLEASE, PLEASE  
HELP ME.

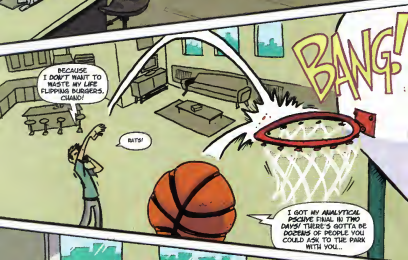
YOU ARE  
THE ONLY  
ONE.





'VETTE! C'MON!  
THE SUN IS OUT!  
THE BIRDS ARE  
SINGING! IT'S APRIL  
IN NEW YORK!

WHY DO  
YOU WANT TO  
WASTE IT IN  
THE LIBRARY?



BECAUSE  
I DON'T WANT TO  
WASTE MY LIFE  
FLIPPING BURGERS,  
CHAND!

RATS!

BANG!

I GOT MY ANALYTICAL  
PSYCHE FINAL IN TWO  
DAYS! THERE'S GOTTA BE  
DOZENS OF PEOPLE YOU  
COULD ASK TO THE PARK  
WITH YOU...



YEAH, BUT THEN I  
WOULDN'T HAVE THE  
PLEASURE OF CORRUPT-  
ING THEM AWAY FROM  
THEIR STUPID BORING  
WORK, HEH-HEH...



ONLY  
YOU CAN  
HEAR ME.



ONLY  
YOU CAN  
HELP ME.



ONLY  
YOU.

CHANDLER!

CHANDLER,  
CAN YOU  
HEAR ME?



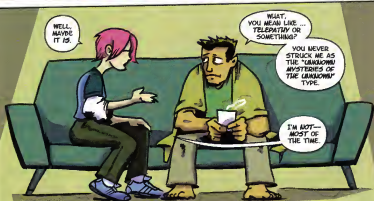
DON'T—  
IF YOU CAN  
HEAR ME—  
DON'T  
MOVE!

DON'T GO  
ANYWHERE!

I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
OVER!







BUT MY  
"ISSUES IN  
PSYCHE" CLASS  
DID A WHOLE  
THING ON THE  
E.S.P. PROGRAM  
THE SOVIETS  
HAD DURING THE  
SEVENTIES AND  
EIGHTIES.

I MEAN,  
THEY HAD SOME  
OF THE TOP  
SCIENTISTS IN  
THE WORLD  
WORKING ON IT,  
AND THEY TOOK  
IT SERIOUSLY.

YEAH, AND  
LOOK WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
THE BERLIN  
WALL.



HA, HA,  
ALL I'M  
SAVING IS,  
WHAT IF THIS  
ISN'T A  
VISION?

WHAT IF  
THIS POOR  
CHICK REALLY  
IS TRYING TO  
CONTACT  
YOU?

IF SHE'S REAL,  
THEN SHE'S IN REAL  
TROUBLE, AND SHE'S  
RIGHT— ONLY YOU  
CAN HELP HER.



WHAT  
DO YOU WANT  
ME TO DO? I  
ALREADY MADE  
AN APPOINTMENT  
TO SEE A  
NEUROLOGIST—  
BUT HE'S  
BOOKED UP  
UNTIL NEXT  
WEEK.

LOOK, IF YOU  
ARE... RECEIVING  
THOUGHTS FROM  
SOMEBODY  
ELSE'S BRAIN...



...MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD TRY  
TRANSMITTING  
SOME.

MAKE THE  
CONVERSATION  
TWO-WAY.









OH NO  
OH NO OH NO  
OH NO

UNLESS  
YOU COME  
FOR ME



WAIT...  
AM I... TOTALLY  
LOSING IT...

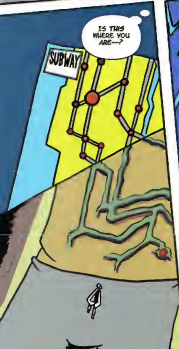
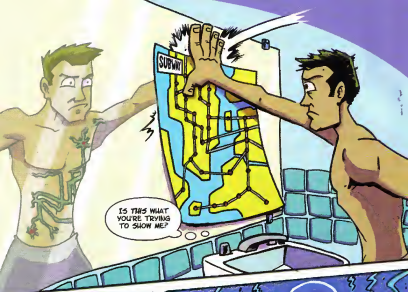
OR...  
IS THAT...

... FAMILIAR---?



COME FOR  
ME NOW

OHAY, OHAY,  
KEEP YOUR  
PANTS ON.







HELLO?  
MYSTERY GIRL?  
YOU THERE?



BREAKER,  
BREAKER...  
COME IN, GOOD  
DUDDY...

HAILING  
FREQUENCIES  
OPEN, BY  
CENTRAL...



I'M HERE, IN  
BRIGHTON BEACH,  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD  
WHERE YOU TOLD  
ME TO GO.

BUT NOW  
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE  
TO GIVE SOME MORE  
SPECIFICS TO...







I HAVE  
TO KNOW



ANNNNGGGG-  
AAAAHHH!!



YOU BETTER  
BE WORTH THIS,  
DREAM GIRL...

I NEVER  
STUCK MY ARSE  
OUT FOR ANYBODY  
IN MY WHOLE LIFE...



YOU SHOULD  
CONSIDER YOURSELF  
LUCKY YOU FOUND  
AN EXPERIENCED  
JUVENILE DELINQUENT  
AS YOUR TELEPATHIC  
RECEIVER!



HEY ...  
MAYBE SHE'S A  
KIDNAPPED HEIRESS  
OR SOMETHING!

MAYBE THERE'LL  
BE A REWARD FOR  
HER RESCUE!



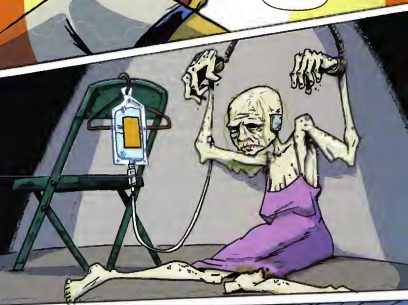
AT THE  
VERY LEAST...

...I BETTER  
GET A DATE  
OUT OF  
THIS!



HEY...  
HEY, MISS?

IS THAT YOU?  
IS THAT—





AAAAHH!!

AAAGHHHH--



«I HATE  
THE SCREAMERS  
THE MOST.»

«GRUNT»

«THAT'S ALL THE  
TEST SUBJECTS DR.  
KRYLOV NEEDS, DA?  
WE COLLECTED THEM  
IN RECORD TIME!»

«OUR  
"BROADCASTER"  
WORKED WONDERS,  
AS USUAL.»

«IT'S AMAZING  
HOW A PRETTY  
FACE WILL DISARM  
EVEN THE MOST  
POWERFUL LATENT  
TELEPATHS.»







Turns out  
Chandler Wells was  
just like every other  
man - a sucker for a  
pretty face!

Speaking of  
suckers, the Crypt-keeper  
and the Vault-keeper seemed  
to have had some unfortunate  
side effects to my cauldron's  
creepy casserole!

>BBLLARGHFF!!<

While ol'  
C-K is up-chucking  
in his inner  
sanctum—

>BLAARRRRFFF!!<

--V-K has  
suddenly become  
all warm and  
fuzzy!

I'll get  
you for this,  
old witch!

If Barf-Breath is  
able to get his act together  
he should be ready to host his  
Crypt-keeper's corner column,  
featuring your countless requests  
to dump him and the Vault-keeper,  
and to have me take over tales  
from the Crypt on a permanent  
basis! Be here next issue to  
see if justice prevails.



**BUUUURPPP!**

*'Scuze me, kiddies, your ol' pal the Crypt-Keeper just had the most DREADFUL DINING experience, thanks to The Old Witch! Would you believe she made me SICK and the Vault-Keeper RAT-ATOUILLE! If she ever invites you to lunch, RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!*

*Meanwhile, back at the CRYPT... we're still painfully PINCHING ourselves (don't try this at home!) over all the attention last issue's SCARY SARAH PALIN cover (drawn by Ricko "the Sicko" Parker) and CATHY GAINES MIFSUDS special editorial received!*

*For example, GHOULISH GEOFF (THE BUTCHER) BOUCHER of the L. A. Times wrote a GHASTLY PIECE about it, which was picked up by the Associated Press and SPLATTERED across newspapers world-wide. Geoffy wrote...*

*"The cover is a reference to two instances of content debate, one that played out on a national stage and the other a seemingly minor moment in Alaska that has been made major by the current political season.*

*"Tales from the Crypt" became one of the signature names in horror and American pop culture after five years of memoeable mayhem that ended in 1955. That was after months of intense pressure and new industry regulations targeting the lurid comics, spurred by televised Senate subcommittee hearings on juvenile delinquency and its causes.*

*"Palin, meanwhile, has taken heat for some overtures she made in 1996 while as mayor of Wasilla, Alaska. Criticized after reports that she sought to ban books from a local public library, the GOP candidate has said that on two occasions she asked 'a rhetorical question' about removing objectionable books from shelves, but that she never pursued it or mentioned specific titles.*

*"But any White House candidate who even entertains a conversation about book banning is a natural enemy to 'Tales from the Crypt,' according to Jim Salterup, editor-in-chief of Papercutz, the publisher that revived the classic title about 16 months ago. 'This was not a partisan thing. People tend to think of everything as black and white these days -- you are either for or against one of the parties 100%. But for us this was about the history of EC Comics, the original publisher of 'Tales from the Crypt.' Anyone who knows that history knows that even of whiff of banning books is going to get us angry."*

*Well, la-der-dah! Who knew Salterup was such a POLITICAL PUN-DIT? GRUESOME GRAEME McMILLAN writing the Political Science (Fiction) column on io9 asked 'Are Comics Part of the Left-Wing Media Conspiracy?' as well as...*

*"You may be wondering exactly what Sarah Palin's personal policies are, ahead of tonight's Vice Presidential Debate, and we're happy to help you with that: Apparently, she's anti-witch... or, at least, that's the message that we get from this cover from the October issue of the revived TALES FROM THE CRYPT. And, as this year's US Presidential election nears, this age previously non-partisan genre staple's move into editorializing against the Republican ticket is only one way in which comics are trying to get in on the action."*





But the *bestest* **POLITICALLY INCORRECT** observation was online at *Gawker.com*, where **INSANE IAN SPIEGELMAN** wrote:

"The highlight of Sarah Palin's career? It's not her guest spot on SNL, or her scary stump speeches in front of screaming crazy racists. It's this cover for ... *Tales from the Crypt*."

*But enough about that! There were two SHOCK-FILLED STORIES in TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8 as well. And while we're still tabulating the votes on which SCARE-TALE was our ROTTEN READER'S fave, we did receive a couple of RIOTOUS REACTIONS... (In the meantime, go to the TALES FROM THE CRYPT section of [www.papercutz.com](http://www.papercutz.com) and vote online for your favorite story from THIS issue!)*

**Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8**

As a long-time fan of EC Comics, I welcome the revival of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** and the guest editorial by Cathy Gaines Mifsud.

As a long-time fan of EC Comics, it's interesting to see the return of the Ray Bradbury "Home to Stay" precedent (**WEIRD FANTASY** #13). You forgot to acknowledge Stanley G. Weinbaum's (writing as John Jesel) oft-reprinted "The Adaptive Ultimate" (originally published in *Amazing Stories*, November 1935) or its film adaptation **SHE DEVIL** (1957) as the source of "She Who Would Rule the World."

I wish you the best of luck in the future.  
Leonid Doroschenko

*If only we had an editor with the SCI-FI CREDITS as LEONID, then we'd really be DANGEROUS! Sadly, we're still stuck with Salicrup, and he lamely pleads that the correct credits in both TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic #8 and graphic novel # 5 should have read:*

**"SHE WHO WOULD RULE THE WORLD"**  
(BASED ON "THE ADAPTIVE ULTIMATE")  
BY STANLEY G. WEINBAUM  
ADAPTED BY  
CHRISTIAN ZAMIER  
WRITER, ARTIST, LETTERER, COLORIST,  
MARVIN MARIANO  
COLORIST

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Just wanted to make a few comments about **TFTC** #8. "She Who Would Rule the World" was very well done. Both the story and the art were great. Very enjoyable. As for "Virtual Hoodoo," it was passable, but did not do much for me. One thing I found hilarious... Bart's left hand shot up from the crypt when the monsters called upon him. In and of itself, not funny. However, when you consider his left arm was ripped off by Crazy

**Skeleton Man** just three pages earlier... pretty funny!

In closing, I'd just like to thank you for bringing back this classic title. Also, thank you for having a letters page. The lettercol is such a great aspect of comicbooks, and so few still have them.

Sincerely,  
Mark Robinson  
Colorado Springs, CO

*Hey, Mark, did you ever think that those other comics don't have letter columns 'cause they can't get Yours Truly to write 'em in my world-famous HORRIFIC style? Let's face it, how can they really compete with me?*

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hello my name is Brett, I live in England, and I am a big fan of the old **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** comics and I just recently purchased number 7 of the new **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** comics. I loved it, but here in England it is hard to get hold of your comics. So how can I subscribe? And also will I be able to back order and get the first 6 issues as well as future ones.

Brett Stephenson  
England

*What's the matter, Brett? Too lazy to travel to the US to get your horror comics fix? Fortunately for you there's [mulehighcomics.com](http://mulehighcomics.com) for back issues, and [barnesandnoble.com](http://barnesandnoble.com) for our **CADAVEROUS COLLECTED EDITIONS**, available in both soft and (for those who collect STIFFS...) hard covers.*

Keep those emails and letters coming - and if you've got any Pepto, we could use that too. Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner  
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308  
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:  
[salicrup@papercutz.com](mailto:salicrup@papercutz.com)

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# E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!  
YOU'VE E-MAILED!  
YOU'VE PHONED!  
YOU'VE THREATENED US!  
**YOU'VE DEMANDED!**  
(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH  
THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



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MARTINEZ, MCGREGOR, MURASE, NOETH, PETRUCHA, ROMBERGER,  
SIMMONS, SMITH 3, TODD, VELILLA and VOLLMAR!

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WildBlueZero



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THE ELEVENTH EMBARRASSINGLY EXPLOITIVE ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

## TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.



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WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"LITTLE DARLIN"

JOHN L. LANSDALE  
WRITER

JAMES ROMBERGER &  
MARGUERITE VAN COOK  
ARTISTS

JAMES ROMBERGER  
LETTERER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"HEX AND THE CITY"

STEFAN PETRUCHA  
WRITER

MR. EXES  
ARTIST

MARK LERER  
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THE OLD WITCH



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# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! BACK AGAIN, EH? BET YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THE OLD WITCH IS DOING HERE? YOU WERE EXPECTING THE DECREPIT CRYPT-KEEPER AND HIS PARTNER-IN-SLIME THE VAULT KEEPER, RIGHT?

THE SHOCKING TRUTH IS THAT THEY'RE BOTH HERE—VICTIMS OF CRYPT-FEVER! THEY'VE TOTALLY FREAKED OUT! TOO MUCH TIME SPENT IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR WATCHING YOU TOOMB! WORST CASE I EVER SAW! THEY EVEN HALLUCINATED SEEING ME DRESSED IN A FRENCH MAID'S UNIFORM!\*

NOT TO WORRY—I'M BREWING UP A CURE RIGHT NOW! "HAVE CAULDRON—WILL TRAVEL!" THAT'S MY MOTTO!

WHILE THIS SIMMERS, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT ANOTHER LADY WHO HAD TO TAKE CARE OF A LITTLE BOY, A REGULAR...

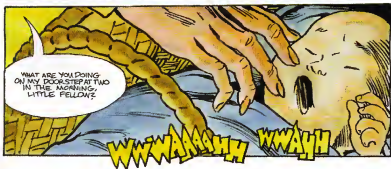
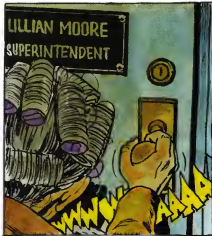
*Little*  
**DARLIN'**

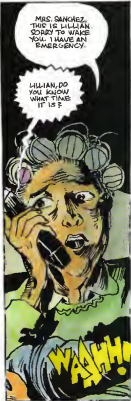
\*YOU SAW IT TOO—  
LAST ISSUE!









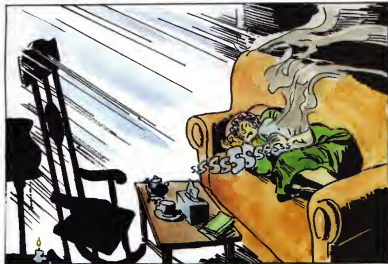




















I THOUGHT  
YOU WOULD BE  
GLAD I DID.

THEY WILL  
TAKE HIM TO A  
HOSPITAL.  
CHECK HIM  
OUT.



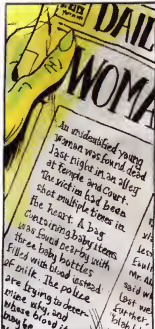
I'M SORRY.  
I KNOW YOU  
MEANT WELL.

EVER SINCE  
ROY DIED I'VE  
BEEN SO LONELY...



YOU'RE TOO  
OLD TO BE TAKING  
CARE OF A BABY  
ANYWAY.







**KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK**



I'M MRS. WELLS FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES. I UNDERSTAND SOMEONE LEFT A BABY ON YOUR DOORSTEP LAST NIGHT.



YES, THEY DID, BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM.



WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO YOUR  
FINGERS?

OH, IT'S  
NOTHING.  
COME IN.



IT SURE  
IS DARK  
IN HERE.

THAT'S THE WAY  
I LIKE IT!



MRS. GARCIA  
SAID YOU NEVER HAD  
CHILDREN. YOU DON'T  
KNOW HOW TO TAKE  
CARE OF A BABY,



BELIEVE ME,  
MRS. WELFORD...

YOU'RE THE  
ONE THAT DOESN'T  
KNOW HOW TO  
TAKE CARE OF HIM.



MRS. MOORE,  
BRING ME THE  
BABY THIS  
INSTANT!

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE  
MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS.







# E.C. FANS!

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#1 GHOULS DONE WILD!



#2 CAN YOU FEAR ME NOW?



#3 ZOMBELICIOUS



#4 CRYPT-KEEPING IT REAL



#5 YABBA DABBA VOODOO



#6 YOU TOOMB



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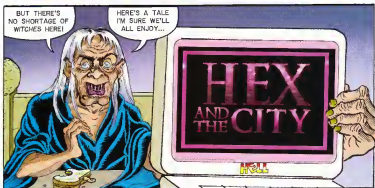
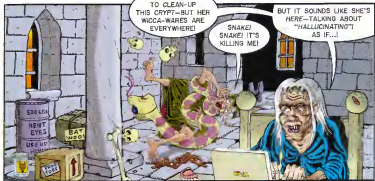


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DISCLAIMER! THIS IS NOT A COMMENTARY ON WICCAN BELIEFS, BUT A CAUTIONARY TALE OF WHAT BEFALLS THOSE WHO USE WHAT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND FOR SELFISH ENDS!

PLEASE...  
HELP ME...

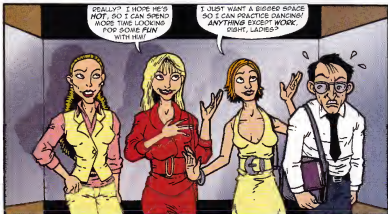
GROSS,  
SOMEONE  
SHOULD CALL THE  
POLICE!

THE  
FASHION  
POLICE!

IGNORE  
THEM! PEOPLE  
ARE ONLY HOME-  
LESS BECAUSE  
THEY WANT TO BE!  
JUST LIKE WE'RE  
HAPPY AND PRETTY  
BECAUSE THAT'S  
WHAT WE  
WANT!

HOWLSWORTH'S  
SON TAKES OVER  
TODAY! I CAN'T WAIT TO  
ASK HIM FOR A PRIVATE  
OFFICE SO I CAN SPEND  
MORE TIME SEEKING  
TRUE ROMANCE ON  
THE WEB!





E-E-EXCUSE ME, BUT THERE I-I-IS MORE TO LIFE THAN LOOKING AND FEELING G-G-GOOD!





BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR  
FINAL DECISION ABOUT  
US, THERE'S SOMETHING  
YOU MIGHT WANT TO  
CONSIDER!

MAYBE WE DIDN'T WORK, BUT  
THERE WAS ONE THING WE DID  
FOR YOUR FATHER THAT MADE  
US WORTH **EVERYTHING** HE  
PAID US AND MORE!

YOU  
SEE... WE'RE  
WICCAN!

WE ARE?  
OH, YEAH...  
WE ARE!

WICCAN  
LIKE YOU  
WOULDN'T  
BELIEVE!

AND WE PERFORMED  
A RITUAL THAT MADE  
YOUR FATHER A REAL  
MAN!

UH... IT'S THE REASON  
HE COULD WRAP  
ANYONE HE WANTED  
AROUND HIS  
FINGER!

VERY  
TIGHTLY!

YOU'D LIKE US  
TO PERFORM OUR  
RITUAL FOR YOU,  
WOULDN'T  
YOU?

UH... UH...  
UH...

YES! YES!  
A THOUSAND  
TIMES YES!

>>> I'VE  
BEEN SO LONELY!  
SO AFRAID! AND MY  
FATHER NEVER PAID  
ANY ATTENTION  
TO ME!

ALL HE EVER  
GAVE ME WAS  
THIS LOUSY BUSINESS!  
AND I'M AFRAID OF  
BUSINESSES,  
TOO!



JUST TELL ME  
WHAT I HAVE TO  
DO AND I'LL DO  
IT!



"FIRST, RENT A SECLUDED *SHACK* WHERE NO ONE CAN FIND YOU... UH... I MEAN *US*! THE RITUAL REQUIRES *POWER SENS*, BUT A RICH GUY LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO AFFORD THEM! NEXT..."

NICE TOUCH FINDING THESE OLD HALLOWEEN COSTUMES!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS RITUAL?

AH, I FOUND SOME *BOBIS* CEREMONY ONLINE CALLED *DRAWING DOWN THE MOON*. BUT AS LONG AS WE'RE DANCING AROUND, HE'LL DO WHATEVER WE SAY!

READY TO DRAW DOWN THE MOON, HAND-SOME?

OH, Y-Y-YEAH!

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE RITUAL, YOU'LL HAVE TO DRINK THIS AND SAY THE WORDS I TAUGHT YOU!



"GREAT GOD CERNUNNOS, RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.  
COME AT MY CALL AND SHOW THYSELF TO MEN,  
SHEPHERD OF GOATS, UPON THE WILD HILLS WAY,  
LEAD THY LOST FLOCK FROM DARKNESS UNTO DAY."

DRINK AND  
BREAK!



CHUS-A-LUS!  
CHUS-A-LUS!  
CHUS-A-LUS!

>BULP-BULP-  
BULP!<

I AM THE  
POWER!

I AM  
THE HORNED  
GOD!



I AM...



...NOT FEELING  
SO GOOD...



**THUD!**



THESE SUCKERS ARE  
WORTH A MILLION AT  
LEAST!

WE CAN START OUR OWN  
BUSINESS WE WON'T HAVE  
TO WORK FOR!



HE'S GETTING  
UP? GET SOMETHING  
TO WHACK HIM  
WITH!

URGGG



AK-AK-AK!

EW! I HOPE  
HE DOESN'T  
PUKE!





WHO SUMMONS  
THE HORNED GOD?

WHOSE WISHES  
SHALL I FILL TO  
BURSTING?



YOUR MIND AND BODY ARE NOW A  
WRITHING WOUND THAT PULSES TO  
THE COSMIC BEAT OF HUNGER'S  
HEART!



BEHOLD!  
YOU  
ARE PART OF THE  
DANCE OF THE  
REAL!

AND YOU WHO WANTED  
ONLY *PHYSICAL* PLEASURE,  
WHERE SHALL WE  
*BEGIN?*

YOUR FORM HAS A  
BILLION NERVE ENDINGS FOR  
FEELING PLEASURE, WHY NOT  
SET THEM ALL *AF-FLAME* AT  
*ONCE?*

HELP!

HELLPPP!

NO, I CAN'T  
JUST LEAVE!

NOOOOOOOOOO!

NOT  
WITHOUT THE  
*SEMS!*

AND WHAT  
WAS IT YOU  
WANTED?

OIL, NOTHING!  
I'M GOOD!

ROMANCE!  
THE SWOONING  
MAJESTY THAT  
MAKES THE WORLD  
GO ROUND!

NO, REALLY,  
THANKS, BUT...

I CAN GIVE  
YOU MORE THAN  
THE WORLD!

I CAN GIVE  
YOU THE MOON  
AND THE STARS!



"SHALL WE START  
WITH THE MOON?"

IT'S NOT  
POSSIBLE!

WITH LOVE  
ALL THINGS ARE  
POSSIBLE!

SHALL WE  
KISS THE KISS OF  
LOVE'S MADNESS?  
SHALL WE KISS THE  
KISS OF FOREVER?



BUT I  
ALSO PROMISED  
YOU THE *STARS*.  
DIDN'T I?



THE COLD,  
UNCARING  
STARS?



SURROUNDED  
BY AN INFINITE  
BLACKNESS AS DARK  
AS YOUR OWN BLACK  
HEART!



YIEEEEE!

"AND FINALLY, YOU'LL  
NEVER HAVE TO WORK  
AGAIN."

CAN YOU  
BELIEVE THREE JOBS  
OPENED AT THE SAME  
COMPANY AT THE SAME  
TIME? AND WE GOT  
THEM?

WE'LL BE  
TOGETHER!

IT'S LIKE  
I ALWAYS SAY:  
LADIES, WISH HARD  
ENOUGH AND YOU'LL  
GET IT!



AND THE  
HOMELESS ARE ONLY  
THERE BECAUSE THAT'S  
WHERE THEY WANT  
TO GO!

PLEASE-  
PLEASE-

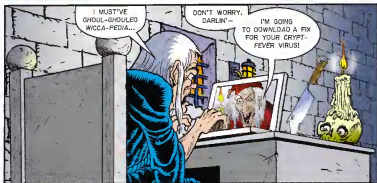
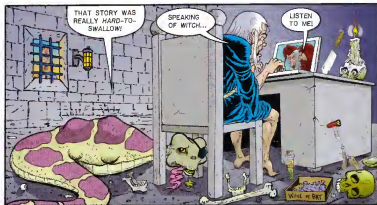




CAN'T WAIT  
TO MEET THE  
NEW OWNER!

I HEAR  
HE'S TOTALLY  
HOT!

PLEASE...



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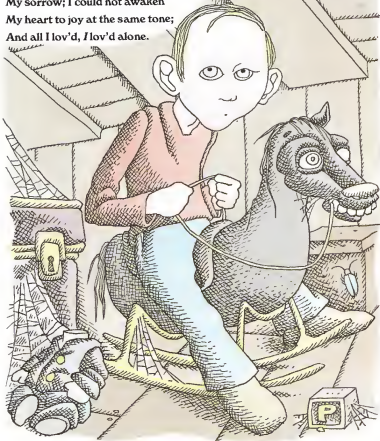
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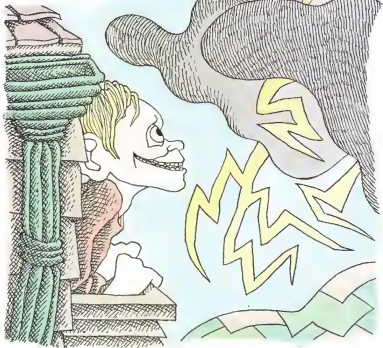
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## ALONE

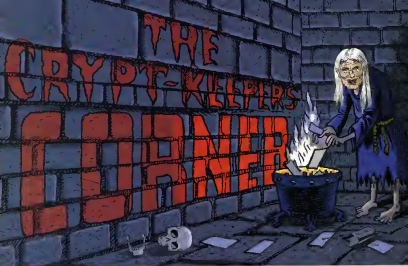
From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were—I have not seen  
As others saw—I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I lov'd, I lov'd alone.



Then— in my childhood— in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life— was drawn  
From ev'ry depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that 'round me roll'd  
In its autumn tint of gold—  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it pass'd me flying by—  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.







*The Old Witch is right! The Vault-Keeper and I have been spending too much time keeping Vaults and Crypts, and not enough time keeping SANE! Maybe it's from too much contact with our INSANE EC Fan-Addicts! Or watching too much You Toomb? Well, despite the great risk to my mental health, it's time once again to present your CRAZY COMMENTS and INSANE INSIGHTS!*

*Although, now that MY sanity is in question, how do I know that these are really YOUR letters? Or in the case of our ONLINE READER'S POLL, how do I know these are really the correct results? Well, outside of a quick crossover with the thrinks from PSYCHOANALYSIS, there's no way to test my state of mind at the moment, so let's just live DANGEROUSLY, and accept whatever comes our way!*

*According to our PUTRID POLL, "Brain Food" by Rob Vollmar and Tim Smith 3 won an overwhelming 61% of your votes, leaving "Murder M.A.I.D.," by Greg Farshtey and Mr. Exes, a paltry 39% of the vote. That's actually rather SHOCKING when you consider that Mr. Farshtey is the writer of the*

*BIONICLE graphic novels, the biggest-selling series from Papercutz! Perhaps we should've mentioned that Murder M.A.I.D. was actually the SEVENTH TOA? Or maybe I'm hallucinating again?*

*To vote for your fave FEAR-Y TALE from the issue you now grasp in your FETID FINGERS, just go to [www.papercutz.com](http://www.papercutz.com), find the TALES FROM THE CRYPT section, and click on this issue's cover to vote for your favorite story from this issue! Oh, and it really helps if you have one of those computer machines to get online.*

*And don't PANIC or get MAD if you somehow missed a TERROR-FILLED issue of the TALES FROM THE CRYPT comicbook, you can still find the same scary stories collected in equally scary, but albeit smaller-sized paperback and hardcover editions, available from booksellers everywhere! TALES FROM THE CRYPT Graphic Novel #6 "You Toomb" is on sale now, and features all your favorite BRAIN-EATING MONSTERS, VODOO HITMEN, KILLER ROBOTS, and BABY VAMPIRES! But if you're looking for FIENDISH FANS, here they are...*

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I have a new story for you on TV. It's a nasty tale about a boy who likes to draw horror pictures and put them on the wall. One day his pictures begin to come alive. I call it "The Wall of Horror."

Love Your #1 Fan,  
Tony Chavez

*We've established that I may be even CRAZIER than usual, so keep that in your tiny minds when I UNOFFICIALLY ANNOUNCE that there's an all-new TV movie in the works based on TALES FROM THE CRYPT. It's being created especially for our younger fans, so you BLOOD-THIRSTY GEEZERS will just have to stick with the reruns of the HBO series on the CHILLER channel! But if enough of you BOILS and GHOULS watch the all-new TV movie, an all-new TV series starring me, the ORIGINAL Crypt-Keeper could be in your future!*

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I looovvve the new TALES FROM THE CRYPT series! Cool cover on issue #10. I also have a request. Can you reprint some of the old TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories in your new mag? And try to make your stories kind of like the old ones. Keep up with the stories of monsters! But please, no art like the art in issue #9, the story "Chicken Man." Again, try to make the stories more horror-science fiction, if you know what I mean. Anyway, keep up the gruesome work!

Your Fan,  
Jared Hershman, Age 10

*Well, Jared, if you want us to keep up the "gruesome work" then we gotta keep using James Romberger! We're sorry you weren't thrilled (and chilled) by his art on "Chicken Man" but so many others were - including fellow CRYPT-contributors John L. Lansdale and Rick "the Sicko" Parker!*

Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT

This stuff is great. I remember reading reprints of the originals back in the '80's, so as a 35 year-old reader that came across this new series, I absolutely love it. I just love the tales and I can't get enough. I finish each book thirsting for more. I just read #1 and #2 and have read about your plans for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, which I think is great. Keep up the good work!

A fan,  
Steven Ortiz

*Speaking of ROTTING REPRINTS, Steven, in case you were UNAWARE, all the original issues of TALES FROM THE CRYPT are being collected in a series of great, big, full-color hardcover volumes by Gemstone Publishing. But there's a particular Jack Davis-drawn tale that we may be including in one of our upcoming Paperclutz collections. All we can say now is that it may be the most requested CRYPT tale of all (by me)! Stay tuned!*

*And what better way to stay tuned to the CRYPT OF TERROR than to subscribe?*

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salicrup@paperclutz.com

*And if any of you are licensed psychiatrists, let me know if I'm NUTS or not!*

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